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## THE MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR.\*

THE magnificent island of Madagascar, one of the largest in the world, lies in the Indian Ocean, off the eastern coast of Southern Africa, from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel, three hundred miles broad. The island is nearly a thousand miles in length from north to south, with an average breadth of two hundred and forty miles, and its area is, therefore, twice as large as that of

acknowledgment and homage, if not tribute, as the rulers over the entire country. The capital of the kingdom is Tananarivo, a large town nearly in the centre of the island.

The earliest embassy of friendship to the central regions of Madagascar was sent by the English in 1816 to the first Radama, ruler of the Hovas, and then in the twenty-fourth year of his age. This young



VIEW IN TANANARIVO.

the British islands, or nearly five times that of the State of New York. The population is estimated at four million, comprising several races, some of whom are negroes, while others are of Malayo-Polynesian origin. Among these last are the Hovas, who occupy the elevated and central part of the island. This race, though themselves formerly tributary to the more numerous Sakalavas in the southwest, have, since their alliance with the English, subjugated the other races, established their military posts in every province, and now receive

prince, the most enlightened ruler ever known in Madagascar, joyfully welcomed the envoy, and treated him with assiduous kindness.

Compared with Europeans, the Madagascans were uncivilized, though in some respects they were greatly in advance of the tribes inhabiting the adjacent coast of Africa, the natives of Australia, or the South-Sea Islanders; and they had already attained some of the important elements of a higher civilization. Most of the races had an organized civil government. They were a nation of agriculturists and herdsmen. The flesh of the ox constituted their chief animal food, and though some of the tribes cultivated arrow-root, or a species of pulse, and though fruits were abundant, rice was with most of them

\* THE MARTYR-CHURCH: A Narrative of the Introduction, Progress, and Triumph of Christianity in Madagascar. By Rev. William Ellis, London, 1870.

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the staff of life, and constituted their daily food. Oxen and rice were also, after the abolition of trade in slaves, their most important articles of export.

The climate of Madagascar is warm, yet all the inhabitants, above the very poor, are decently, and some of them now richly clothed. Large herds of cattle feed on their plains, or are fattened in their pens or stalls, though the people never clothe themselves with their skins. Caterpillars or worms of different kinds feed on the leaves of indigenous or exotic plants, and spin delicately fine or coarse silk, which is cleaned, and colored with native dyes. This silk is spun in simple looms, of Indian or Arabian origin, woven not unfrequently with beautiful and curious patterns into rich and gorgeous dresses for the nobles of both sexes, and for the higher classes in Madagascar generally. Cotton is grown throughout the country, and a species of nettle yields a tenacious fibre resembling hemp, which is also manufactured into strong and durable woven cloth, worn by the farmers and middle classes, wrapped round the body by day, and spread over them at night.

The morals of the people, before the introduction of Christianity,

more lives and inflicted greater suffering than any other single cause in Madagascar.

But the most direct power over the people was the *sikidy*, or divination, which, in different forms, prevailed throughout the island. Believed to have been received from a supernatural source, and regarded as the will of God, the influence of the *sikidy* extended over both worlds, affecting gods and men, as well as the unquiet ghosts which left their graves to disturb the living. The most baneful influence of the diviners was their pretending, by calculations based on the age and position of the moon at the period of birth, to reveal the destiny or *viniana* of every newly-born infant, thus deciding, whatever its rank or parentage might be, whether its life should be preserved or destroyed. The decisions were believed to be those of God, and, though determined by a table of divination which might be worked almost like a game of chess, were received by the people as their fate.

This brief notice of the social and moral condition of the people, and of the superstitions and idolatries of the country, will enable us to form a more correct opinion than would otherwise be possible of the



AMBODINANDOHALO.

were very bad. Truth and honesty were rare, and chastity was little regarded by either sex. Idolatry prevailed, though there seems to have been some idea of the existence of a supreme and spiritual deity. Every family possessed its household god; and the sun and other heavenly bodies, certain valleys and mountains, in which idols were kept, or in which renowned men had lived, were deemed sacred and worshipped. The spirits of their ancestors, and those of the ancestors of the reigning sovereign, were objects of the highest religious regard.

The national idols were of comparatively modern origin, being an extension of the principle of household worship, introduced from political motives by successive rulers representing themselves as the fathers of the people. There were fifteen of these in Ankova, the land of the Hovas, two of which were supposed to preside over the entire kingdom.

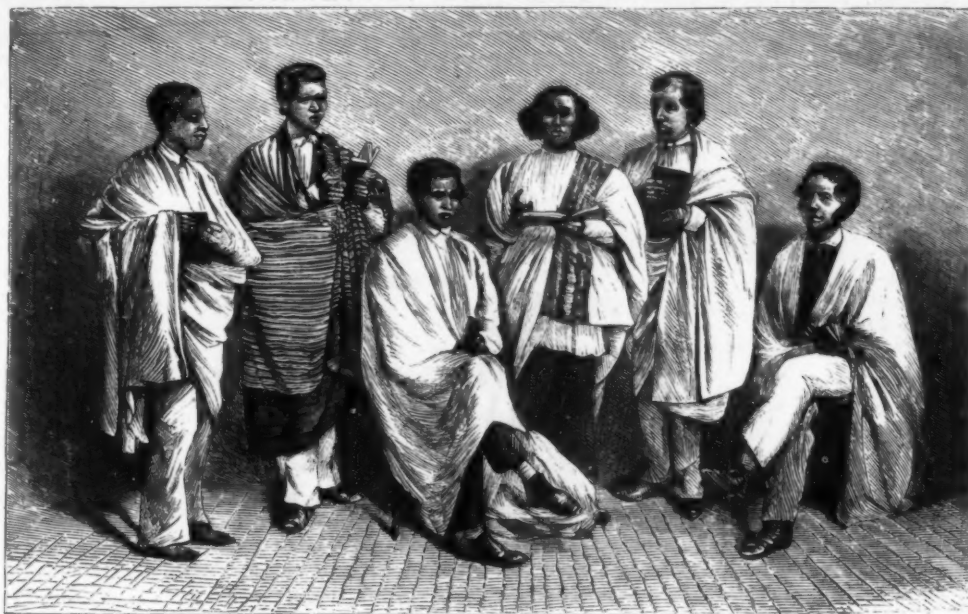
The belief in fetishism, sorcery, or divination, was a fertile source of misery and crime, and often enjoined the iniquitous and deadly poison ordeal, which was deified and invoked as the trier of innocence or guilt under the name of Rai-ma-na-man-ga, and probably destroyed

encouragements, as well as of the appalling antagonism, by which Christianity was confronted on its entrance into Madagascar. It will also show the combined and organized forces which so fiercely disputed every step in its advance, and enable us more clearly to comprehend the marvellous victory which God, by the Gospel, has achieved among the people, and which ranks among the most remarkable triumphs of Christianity in the nineteenth century.

The conversion of Madagascar began in 1820, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Jones, the first missionary, with the approbation of King Radama, began his great work of teaching with three scholars, who had multiplied to thousands when Radama died, in 1828. His successor, Queen Ranavalona, was a zealous pagan, and soon began to persecute the Christians, partly, however, for political as well as religious reasons. The missionaries were forbidden to teach or to preach, but were for some time allowed to continue the work of translating and publishing the Scriptures in the native language.

In a year or two, however, through English influence, greater liberty was allowed, and in 1830 several hundred youths were under

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NATIVE PASTORS AND DEACONS OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

instruction, and five thousand copies of the New Testament were printed and circulated. In 1831 the queen gave permission to her people to be baptized, to commemorate the death of Christ, and to be married in the Christian manner. On the 29th of May of that year, twenty of the first converts were baptized, and in the following August a church was organized at Ambodinandohalo, the place of which we give a view. The church was formed in a building behind the large trees, on the left of our view. Shortly afterward another church was organized at Ambatonakanga, of whose native pastor and deacons we give the portraits.

The favor of the suspicious queen soon passed away, and various edicts were issued against the Christians, whose numbers were increasing rapidly. At the end of fourteen years, from the commencement of



NATIVE CHRISTIANS OF VARIOUS RANKS.

the mission, it was estimated that there were at least thirty thousand native readers of the Scriptures. By the heathen party the doctrines of Christianity and the designs of the Christians were grossly misrepresented. The queen was made to believe, or pretended to believe, that the Christians were traitors not only to the national gods, but to the sovereign herself. Jehovah and Jesus were said to be English kings, by whom Madagascar would be invaded, and to whom the Christians had sworn allegiance, regardless of the rights of their native ruler. One of the principal chiefs, after attending a Christian meeting, went to the queen and reported that the converts were changing the customs of their ancestors, despising divination and the idols of the queen. "They hold," he added, "assemblies in the night, and deliver speeches, without per-



mission from the queen. Beyond this, they urge all present to serve Jehovah and Jesus Christ; and these meetings are carried on by slaves. We cannot see the end of these things. The queen knows, and she alone, what is best to be done; but we fear these people, who have become so friendly with the English, will attempt to transfer the kingdom of the queen to them."

Ratsimanisa, the chief minister, laid this accusation, with his own confirmation of its charges, before the queen on the following day, when, it is said, she burst into tears of grief and rage, and wept for a long time. She then swore, by the name of the highest spiritual power to whom she could appeal, that she would put a stop to these things with shedding of blood.

On the 1st of March, 1835, a national assembly, called by the queen, was held at Tananarivo, at which it was estimated that at least a hundred thousand persons, fifteen thousand of them disciplined soldiers, were present. The object of this gathering was to strike terror into the Christians, and to promulgate, in the most solemn manner, a royal edict prohibiting baptism, church meetings, the observance of the Sabbath, and other tokens of Christian belief. For a while no blood was shed. Four hundred officers of the army, convicted of adher-

yielding to the advice of their native friends, withdrew from the country.

Among the native converts was Rafaravavy, a woman of rank and position, the wife of a colonel in the army.

Before the suppression of Christianity she had obtained one of the largest houses in the capital, which she appropriated to Christian worship; and her simplicity of character and earnestness induced many to attend the preaching of the Gospel.

Notwithstanding the punishment threatened by the queen, Rafaravavy and a few female friends occasionally met in her house on Sunday evenings to read and pray. On the 17th of June, 1835, three of her slaves went to the judge and accused her of these practices. A Christian who heard the accusation hastened to inform her of it. She immediately placed her Bible and other books in a place of security, while her father, on hearing what the slaves had done, had them

confined in irons. Rafaravavy, however, ordered them to be liberated, sent for them, forgave them, wept over them, and spoke to them of the mercy and forgiveness of God through Christ. Two of them afterward became Christians, and one of them died for her faith.

The judge demanded the names of her companions, and, on her



HOME OF ANDRIAMANANTENA, ONE OF THE CHIEF MARTYRS.



CHRISTIAN VILLAGE OF LAZAINA.

ing to the new faith, were reduced in rank, and two thousand other persons were fined. The majority of the converts stood firm, and accessions to their numbers were constantly made. The government, however, gradually grew more severe, and, in a few months, the missionaries,

refusal to give them, reported her offence to the queen, who, in great wrath, exclaimed, "Is it possible that any one is so daring as to defy me? And that one a woman, too! Go and put her to death at once!" Two of the queen's high officers, and a woman of rank and influence



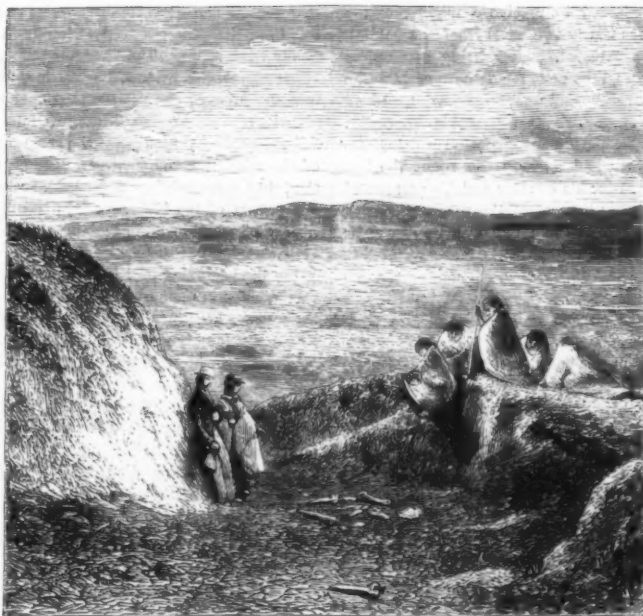
with the queen, pleaded for the life of the accused, on account of services which her father and brother had rendered to the state, and the sentence was deferred.

Two years later, in 1837, Rafaravavy was again denounced, with ten other Christians, for meeting on Sunday for prayer and worship. The chief officer of the queen, to whom the judges carried the accusation, declared, with an oath, "Then they shall die! for they despise the queen's law." They were all immediately arrested except Rafaravavy, whose family influence for a time protected her. She was interrogated by the officers, however, to discover her associates, but she refused to disclose their names. They then brought one of her companions who had confessed that she prayed with her, and, when confronted with her, Rafaravavy said, "We have prayed together; we do not deny it;" and, when further asked, "Where have you prayed?" she replied, "In our own houses, and in many other places. Wherever we went we endeavored to remember God, and pray to Him." On being asked if they had not met for prayer at Akatso, a mountain, they answered, "Yes, but not there only. Wherever we went we remembered God, in the house and out of doors, in the town and in the country, or on the mountains."

The officers then proceeded to the other Christians already in prison, chiefly for the purpose of inducing them to name those not yet accused. They falsely told a young woman whose name was Rasalama, that the others had already given the names of all the Christians, so that it would be of no avail for her to refuse to mention those she knew. Influenced by this specious



READING THE SCRIPTURES TO A CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE.



THE PLACE OF MARTYRDOM.

declaration, Rasalama mentioned the names of seven who had not before been impeached, and these, among others esteemed and beloved, included Raintscheva, the diviner, known among the Christians as Paul. The seven were immediately apprehended, and the declarations—confessions, as they were called—of the whole were then laid before the queen.

Fourteen days later Rafaravavy was arrested, put in fetters, and carried to Ambohipotsy, the place where criminals were usually put to death. Rasalama, the Christian woman who had been deluded into revealing the names of seven other Christians, was now ordered for execution the next morning, and on the previous afternoon was put in irons, which, being fastened to the feet, hands, knees, and neck, confined the whole body in a position of excruciating pain. In the early morning she sang hymns as she was borne along to the place of execution, expressing her joy in the knowledge of the Gospel; and, on passing the chapel in which she had been baptized, she exclaimed, "There I heard the words of the Saviour!" After being borne more than a mile farther, she reached the fatal spot, a broad, dry, shallow fosse, or ditch, strewn with the bones of previous criminals, outside of what was formerly a fortification, at the southern extremity of the mountain on which the city stands. Two or three hundred feet below this Golgotha stretches the wide plain, spotted with villages, verdant with rice-fields, and irrigated by streams from the Ikiopa, which, issuing from the lofty Ankaratra, almost encircles the capital in its course to the sea on the west.

Here, permission being granted her to pray, Rasalama calmly knelt

on the earth, committed her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer, and fell with the executioners' spears buried in her body. Some few of the by-standers, it was reported, cried out, "Where is the God she prayed to, that He does not save her now?" Others were moved to pity for one whom they deemed an innocent sufferer; and the heathen executioners repeatedly declared, "There is some charm in the religion of the white people which takes away the fear of death." So suffered, on the 14th of August, 1837, Rasalama, the first martyr of Madagascar.

After the death of Rasalama, the other Christians under arrest, to the number of two hundred, were sold as slaves. The aged Paul, who had been heavily ironed night and day, and guarded as a felon, became a slave of the chief minister, who sent him to field-work with four other Christian slaves. They were in the rice-fields all day and in irons all night, but had a hut to themselves; and the venerable servant of Christ proved a great source of consolation to his fellow-slaves, often repeating to them the forty-sixth Psalm, which he had committed to memory.

Rafaravavy, who had now been some months in irons, constantly guarded by soldiers, was, by an order of the queen, sold in the public market to the chief military officer; and he placed her in the charge of one of his aides-de-camp, who was a relative, and who treated her kindly, giving her liberty to go and come, so that her Christian work was not neglected.

Rafaralahy, a young man about two-and-twenty years of age, who had accompanied Rafaravavy herself, when it was supposed she was being carried forth to execution, who had witnessed the tranquil death of Rasalama, and had been accustomed to receive a number of the Christians at his house, which was nearly two miles from the capital, for reading and prayer, was next arrested. After being confined in heavy irons for three days, he was taken out for execution. On the way he spoke to the officers of the love and mercy of Christ, and of his own happiness in the prospect of so soon seeing his Redeemer. Having reached the place of execution, the same spot on which Rasalama, nearly twelve months before, had suffered, he spent the last moments of his life in supplication for his country and his persecuted brethren. As he rose from his knees the executioners were preparing to throw him on the ground, but he told them that was needless; he was ready to die; and, laying himself down, was instantly speared to death.

Orders were now issued for the death of Rafaravavy, but she was warned in time, and made her escape from the capital, and, after wandering for several months in the forests of the interior, everywhere closely pursued, reached at last the sea-coast, and took refuge on an English ship, which carried her to Mauritius. Thence she proceeded to England, where she was warmly welcomed by the friends of missions.

The third martyr was a young woman named Ravahiny, who was compelled to drink the fatal ordeal-poison called *tangena*. The next execution was on the 9th of July, 1840, when nine martyrs fell beneath the spears of the executioners, among them Paul the diviner, and Joshua the preacher. Two more were put to death June 19, 1842. After this, for several years, there were few executions, though many Christians were sold as slaves, and otherwise maltreated. But, in 1849, a heavy storm of persecution burst upon the Madagascar Church. Sixteen persons, among them four nobles of the highest rank, were put to death, some of them by burning, while one hundred

and seventeen were publicly flogged and condemned to hard labor in chains for life. Many others were imprisoned and heavily fined. The total number of those on whom one or other of the sentences was pronounced on this occasion amounted, at the least computation, to

nineteen hundred and three, but by some accounts it is nearer three thousand. The martyrs who were burned died bravely in the sight of a vast multitude, singing Christian hymns and praying for their persecutors, who in vain sought to silence them by the roar of cannon and the incessant beating of the drums of the army.

It is a remarkable fact that, while the queen was the bitterest enemy of the Christians, her son and heir, Radama II., was, from the age of sixteen, attached to their doctrines and a frequent attendant on their meetings, and his influence seems to have been one of the chief agencies in lulling the storm of persecution, which gradually subsided, until, in 1853, the Christians ceased to be molested, though the profession of their religion continued to be illegal. In 1857, however, a French conspiracy for the dethronement of the queen being detected, a fresh persecution of the Christians ensued, in which more than two hundred were severely

punished, and about fifty put to death. This was happily the last persecution. The pagan queen died July 16, 1861, and Radama II. succeeded to the throne. Though the new king could hardly be called a Christian, he was friendly to those who held the Christian faith. One of his earliest edicts proclaimed liberty to all religions, another recalled the Christian exiles and released the Christian captives, while still another abolished sorcery and the ordeal by poison. The English missionaries returned to the island, and from this time the progress of the Church in Madagascar was rapid, and finally triumphant. The king was murdered by conspirators, on May 12, 1864, and his widow, Rasoherina, was made sovereign. At the first audience she gave to the missionaries, the queen stated that the liberties and privileges of the Christians would be preserved in their full extent, and they were at the same time assured that the objects of the mission were approved. The queen herself was not a Christian, but was publicly regarded as the head of the heathen and the patron of the idols; yet she faithfully preserved inviolate the liberty of worship and teaching to the missionaries and their converts.

In the beginning of 1867 a large church, of which we give a view, was erected in memory of the martyrs on the spot where they had suffered. Thousands of Christians assembled to witness its dedication, and the queen sent in state seven of the highest officers of the government, who were Christians, to testify her approval of the building.

By the close of the year the number of native Christians was computed at twenty-one thousand, of whom five thousand were communicants.

Queen Rasoherina died April 1, 1868, and was succeeded by her sister, who took the name of Ranavalona II., and who is still on the throne. She is remarkable for her gentle and amiable character, and, since her accession, has publicly professed Christianity. The latest intelligence that we have seen from Madagascar states that, a few months ago, the queen ordered the idols to be burned, and teachers of Christianity to be sent to every village in the island, the whole population of which is rapidly becoming converted to the faith in Christ.



CHURCH OF THE MARTYRS.

## DAISY'S TRIALS.

## IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

AFTER she had opened her casement to the fresh air of dawn, Daisy fell asleep. She slept late, and woke to a morning of exquisite brightness.

Night had not brought wisdom, nor darkness counsel, but morning brought hope—of what?

Of a pause in her troubles, of a few quiet days.

Daisy was selfish and cowardly; but there was excuse to be made for her. She had suffered so much, while she was still unripe for suffering well and wisely, that she had suffered with mere animal endurance, getting, therefore, the bane and not the blessing of suffering. While the dawn, the bloom, the dew, had been still upon all her girlish imaginings, she had been suddenly subjected to the rudest disillusionings, buffeted by the most outrageous shocks of knowledge, not of good and evil, but of evil only. It was, indeed, as if an unawakened maiden soul had been seized and plunged into hell for its awakening.

It seemed to Daisy that it had been with her as with the fated ship, which, in a rude engraving that had exercised a horrible fascination over her as a child, was being sucked into the vortex of a whirlpool.

Nevertheless, so much of elasticity remained, that the brisk brightness of the spring to-day almost enabled her to forget the misery of yesterday and the hopelessness of to-morrow.

A wood-fire was burning cheerily on the hearth when she came down to the breakfast-room. The table was set near the open window, and the sunshine fell upon its snowy cloth, bright silver, and delicate china. Out-doors a fresh, but soft, southwest wind was chasing April shadow and April shine across lawn and flower-border, rippling the bed of many-colored anemones, and filling the golden cups of late crocuses.

In the orchard, which was full in sight, were some grand old pear-trees, now one mass of blossom; the boles of the elm-trees, which, on another side, sheltered the garden, were just a-flutter with fresh-fledged leaflets. It was a world of life and motion, of shimmer, and shine, and glitter, and gleam, and the time of the singing of birds was, indeed, come.

Daisy stood at the window.

"How beautiful the world is! Surely, somewhere in it is some place meant for me to be happy in," was her childish thought. And then she stood there in a dream, till the servant, coming in with the coffee, roused her, and she turned to the table.

Three or four letters lay beside her plate; but Daisy never had letters of any interest, and they roused no curiosity. As she sat there with fresh morning face, in her fresh morning dress, a glass of flowers beside her, every now and then stretching her head into the sunshine, feeling it sweet, the belief was strong upon her that some sweetness, some sunshine must, somehow, be meant to fall upon and enter into her life.

Foolish Daisy! She might have known how empty was all this momentary content. If the parting of last night had been, indeed, "good-by," and not "good-night," the soft, fresh wind might have blown upon her, the sun might have shone upon her, the flowers have sent forth their fragrance, and the birds their song, and all the beauty and sweetness of life would have been as nothing to her, or even as worse than nothing.

Presently came a click of the latch of the garden-gate, a step upon the winding, gravelled way, and then, as she knew before she saw, a face at the open window.

"I couldn't help coming to look at you; I had such a horrible dream about you last night."

"Don't tell it me! On such a morning one doesn't wish to hear of horrible things."

"Indeed, Daisy, I had no thought of telling it to you."

"I wonder what it was like, Kenneth?"

"As unlike you as possible, and it is a blessed thing, Daisy of Daisies, to look upon you sitting there with your fresh morning face, and to know my dream was only a dream."

"He could dream nothing about me so bad as what is the truth," thought Daisy; but she said:

"What a morning it is, Kenneth! I feel as if I could be happy in the way the birds are, sitting singing in the sun, not conscious of yesterday, or caring for to-morrow."

He smiled. "Will you give me a cup of tea?" he asked.

"Indeed, I will. You look as if you wanted that, or something."

"I do want that, and something."

"Will you have it there, or will you come in?"

"I should be glad to sit down, I'm tired, so I will come in."

He left the window to enter the house.

"Just happy to-day, at least to-day," was what she whispered to herself, as she rang to order a cup and plate for Mr. Stewart. Mr. Stewart was so habitual a visitor at the cottage that his presence there, at any time, as yet, provoked no remark.

"Why, what a lot of letters!" commented Mr. Stewart, half jealously. "I didn't know you had any correspondents."

"I haven't opened them—I know by the outside what they are. You shall know, too, if you will. This is from my dress-maker—this contains a packet of flower-seeds—this is about some books—and this," she paused, examined the postmarks, of which there were many, then tore that letter open—her face sharp with sudden agitation.

"Well?"

The expression with which she looked up was at once puzzled and relieved.

"A most perplexing letter! Surely not meant for me. It begins, 'My dear unknown aunt,' and ends," turning the letter over, "'your prepared-to-be-affectionate niece, Myrrha Brown.' I didn't know I had a niece. How can I have a niece? Surely it's some mistake altogether."

"Brown—Myrrha Brown!" Mr. Stewart meditated; then a sudden light broke upon him. "I think I can guess, Daisy, who she must be. The name, Myrrha, is as uncommon as it is, I think, ugly. It was, I remember, the name of your father's daughter by his unhappy first marriage."

"I had forgotten, perhaps I hardly knew, that papa had been married before he married mamma. I was so young when he died."

"Yes, and he was a reserved man, not likely to speak before you of such things. But he had a daughter, and her name was Myrrha, and she made a clandestine marriage, of which he strongly disapproved, running away from the French school at which he had placed her when he married your mother. I don't know that I ever heard the name of the man she married—he was an American, I remember, and they went to live among the French colonists in America. No doubt his name was Brown, and this correspondent of yours is their daughter."

"But, Kenneth, how could this girl possibly find me out?"

"That would be easy enough, Daisy, to any one knowing how to set about it. It is very possible that your father kept up some sort of communication with them, the Browns, while he lived; no doubt they had the address of his lawyer. I don't know that I should have any so distinct recollection of the name of Myrrha, had it not been for a most lovely miniature of that Myrrha, which used to hang in your father's dressing-room, when I was a boy and you were a baby. In later years it wasn't there. It represented a girl of about, I should think, seventeen, with a profusion of very fair, fine hair, with gleeful-looking blue eyes, and an exquisite complexion, rather pale, but tinged with a delicate shell, or wild-rose, pink. If the daughter is like the mother, she is a pretty creature. But what does she write to you about, Daisy?"

"I haven't been able to find out, Kenneth."

"May I try?"

"Of course you may."

Meanwhile he had taken up and was examining the envelope.

"It has been a good while on the road," he said; "it has been, among other places, to your old home, Daisy. What place is this—Littlehampton—where is that?"

"That is where nurse lives."

"Littlehampton is where nurse lives." Then he asked, eagerly, "Where is Littlehampton? How do you get at it? I should uncommonly like to see nurse again some day."

Daisy turned from crimson to white, then red again.

"I mean," she said, "that is where she did live when she was first married. I forget the name of the place she lives at now."

"I wonder why Daisy is telling me a falsehood? I think it would be better and more like Daisy to be truthful, and to trust me."

"Kenneth!"

Daisy was, at once, ashamed, pained, startled, and angry. But Mr. Stewart, who had spoken with an affectation of only thinking aloud, took no notice of Daisy's explanation, but appeared intent upon the reading of Myrrha Brown's letter.



"A clever young lady, I should say! I suppose you read the postscript?"

"I didn't know there was a postscript."

"Oh, yes, there is, and it contains the gist of the letter. It informs you that your prepared-to-be-affectionate niece, Myrrha Brown, is on her way to pay her dear unknown aunt, Daisy, a visit."

"To visit me, Kenneth?"

"To visit you, Daisy."

"I won't have her. I can't. I don't know her. Even if I did, I couldn't bear to have any one always about."

"It might be good for you, Daisy; she may be a nice girl, and you are too much alone."

"Good for me! It would be intolerable to me, Kenneth!"

"You'll get used to it, you shy little soul. For my part, I shall welcome Miss Myrrha Brown; her coming seems to me most opportune."

"Do you mean I must let her come?"

"I most decidedly mean you must let her come."

"Oh, Kenneth!"

"I don't think you could help letting her come. I think it probable she will be here before you could tell her not to come. The letter has been a good deal delayed. I should not be surprised if she were here to-day."

"Here to-day!" Daisy repeated.

Not ten minutes had elapsed, and they were still discussing Miss Brown, when "Behold she comes!" Mr. Stewart cried, pointing with a tragic air to an open vehicle, a "fly" from the small country-station, coming down the lane.

Daisy looked into Mr. Stewart's face with such unmistakable dismay in her own, that, instead of laughing at her, he laid a kind hand on her shoulder, saying:

"Courage, little woman! I will help you all I can. Don't let this young person think herself alarming enough to put Aunt Daisy in a flutter."

By this time the fly had stopped at the garden-gate, and there stepped out of it a tall, slight, young lady, elegantly "got up" in the style of the period; that is to say, with a picturesqueness somewhat theatrical, but still, on a graceful and piquant creature; so graceful and piquant, that one needs to be a somewhat stern moralist (or, what comes to the same thing, a crabbed old bachelor, whom no girl dresses to please, a sour and ill-favored old maid, whom conformity with such fashion would make ridiculous, or the father of many daughters, smarting under the too frequent and too heavy attacks upon his purse) to cavil at and condemn. Of course, there is a higher ground on which this style of dress may be considered objectionable; it is too evidently designed, not merely to please, but to attract, to be in harmony with any ideal of what woman's dress should be.

"What can I do with such a visitor in such a place?" Daisy exclaimed, as she went down the garden-path, followed by Mr. Stewart.

Miss Brown rushed upon her unknown aunt impulsively; demonstrations of affection, apologies, and explanations, followed each other with a rapidity that took Daisy's breath away. Then the visitor ran back to the gate to superintend the dislodging of her luggage.

Her "large box," as she called it (it was indeed large!) had been secured behind the vehicle in some wonderful and ingenious manner, and was now the subject of animated dispute between her and the driver.

Daisy had a gardener, but he was old and crippled; Mr. Stewart assisted the flyman in getting the "large box" through the garden-gate, and up the garden-path. In her excitement concerning her luggage Miss Brown had not yet paid that attention to Mr. Stewart which any man, as a man, generally received from her; she had jumped at the conclusion that he was Aunt Daisy's "butler, or something;" and Daisy was both mortified and amused to notice that she addressed and directed him with the same mixture of familiarity and imperious command she used toward the fly-driver.

"You can't think how glad I am to see a prospect of getting something to eat, Aunt Daisy. I'm most uncommonly hungry!" was Miss Brown's remark, as they went into the breakfast-room.

She dashed off her hat, and ran her fingers over her most picturesque dishevelment of hair, and then, putting her hands patronizingly on Daisy's shoulders, she said:

"Why, what a little young thing you look! I expected to see a gaunt old maid. Of course, if I had thought, I might have known

that you could not be old; but thinking is a folly that I'm not often guilty of, Aunt Daisy."

Then she turned her attention upon Mr. Stewart, whose easy attitude and amused smile had shown her he was not a servant. The air with which she regarded him would have been supercilious if her regard had been turned upon a woman; but no man was held by Miss Brown as quite unworthy some amount of complaisance.

"You have not done me the honor of introducing me to your niece," Mr. Stewart said to Daisy.

Daisy went through the ceremony.

"I'm sure I beg Mr. Stewart's pardon. In the bustle and confusion about that ridiculous big box—which I hope, by-the-by, hasn't terribly alarmed you as to the proposed length of my stay, Aunt Daisy—I took Mr. Stewart for your butler. I didn't look at him, mind you. I hope you aren't offended, Mr. Stewart?"

"Not in the least, Miss Brown; I should feel honored to serve your aunt in any capacity."

"That is very pretty, I'm sure, Aunt Daisy."

Here Daisy said a few words, explaining that she had only just had her niece's letter; that, therefore, nothing was prepared for her.

"Don't mind me, Aunt Daisy; I don't want to be made a stranger of; there was no need of preparation," Miss Brown was so good as to say.

Daisy left the room to give some hasty instructions to her servants. When she came back she found Myrrha chattering away to Mr. Stewart, questioning him about the neighborhood, and telling him of her journey; talking to him as to a familiar friend. It seemed she had come from no farther than London, where she had been staying some time.

"Mr. Stewart is just going to take me round the garden, Aunt Daisy; I suppose he may: he seems quite at home here."

Myrrha's glance was saucy and investigating. This was a case of old maid and old bachelor courtship, she decided; she thought that, possibly, some "distraction," some "fun," might be got out of interfering with it, if there should seem to be great dearth of amusement in the place. Besides, in Mr. Stewart's expression there was something that provoked her to wish to add him to the number of her "conquests;" he looked "stuck up," she thought, and his regard of her seemed to have in it more of curiosity and criticism than of admiration, as yet! After going outside with Mr. Stewart, Myrrha dashed back to say to Daisy:

"Is he your doctor, your parson, or your lawyer, Aunt Daisy? I ask, that I may know what to talk to him about."

"He is neither."

"What, besides you, is he much interested in?"

"He is interested in most things. He is fond of gardening, for instance."

"Dear me, and I don't know much about it. How unfortunate! but then I can ask him to teach me." And she danced down the garden-path to where Mr. Stewart was waiting for her.

Daisy's chief servant and manager, who had been her cousin's more than servant all her suffering life, having just encountered Myrrha, as she came in to rearrange the breakfast-table, stood aghast.

"Well, ma'am, I never; do tell now, is that how all the young creatures are done up in her country?"

"She's an English girl, Mrs. Moss, though I don't think she has lived much in England."

Mrs. Moss, still gazing after Myrrha, catalogued the peculiarities with which she was most struck.

"Half her hair right a-top of her head, the rest trailing down her back; no gown to speak of, nothing in one piece, all flounces and furbelows, petticoats puffed out behind, such stockings, and shows 'em pretty well, too! Law, ma'am, it's queer. I shouldn't like to see her in a very high wind; it appears to me her clothes would soon be flying off her." Then Mrs. Moss turned from the window, and attended to her own business.

The breakfast, for which Myrrha had professed herself so hungry, had time to be perfectly ready, and to get almost cold before they came into the house.

Myrrha had found a cluster of early apple-blossom, had broken it off, and stuck it in her hair.

She came and knelt down before Daisy.

"Does it do well there, Aunt Daisy? I know it does, though I haven't looked in the glass. Mr. Stewart seemed to grudge my pick-

ing it. Do you grudge it me, Aunt Daisy? I always wear flowers in my hair when I'm in reach of them. Roses suit me best, I think, wild-roses, or white garden-roses. Oh, I know what would become me better than this." She pulled out the apple-blossom and threw it on the table, and, making a dash out-doors, picked two or three purple wind-flowers.

"There, they bring out the yellow in my hair, don't they?"

"But then," Mr. Stewart objected, "they take the purple out of your eyes." At that she made a pouting grimace.

While she was outside, Mr. Stewart had said to Daisy:

"She has been trying very cleverly to find out who I am. She evidently can't accept me as just a gentleman—I mean as quite, in her sense, a gentleman. First she assumed me to be an artist, then an author: don't enlighten her, Daisy!"

"Now," said Daisy, "Mrs. Moss will be in despair if you don't do justice to the breakfast."

"Shan't I just do justice to it! I expect to astonish you, Aunt Daisy. I'm not one of those ethereal beings who can exist without mortal sustenance. Won't you call it lunch, and take something, Mr. Stewart? I'm really very hungry, and shall be ashamed to eat half I wish to eat if I have to eat alone."

Finding every thing "delicious" and "lovely"—cream, butter, bread, honey, chicken, ham, coffee, preserves—Myrrha ate and talked rapidly and largely, but managed, too, to do nothing ungracefully.

"Do you ride, Miss Brown?" Mr. Stewart asked, when Myrrha had been questioning him about the stretch of uplands visible from the window, asking whether there was good turf there.

"Always, when I can get any thing to carry me. Have you any horses, Aunt Daisy?"

"No, your aunt has no horses."

"You don't keep any thing a lady could ride, I suppose, Mr. Stewart?"

"Well, I can generally procure the use of a lady's hack when I wish."

"Oh, Mr. Stewart, I don't know what I won't do for you if you manage to get me some nice rides!"

"Bribed in such a splendidly indefinite manner, you may depend upon my exerting myself!" And now, Mr. Stewart took his departure, saying: "I must indulge in no more of this pleasant idleness, or I shall get into disgrace."

"With whom?" Myrrha asked inquisitively.

"With my master."

"Who is he? Who is your master?"

"Ask your Aunt Daisy."

To Myrrha's question Daisy only answered: "I should think Mr. Stewart is pretty much his own master."

Miss Brown, breakfast over, and Mr. Stewart gone, suffered a temporary collapse. She threw herself into an easy-chair, and yawned. She was silent, and looked quite thoughtful, for perhaps five minutes.

"After all," she said, "travelling at night does use one up rather. I dare say you wonder why I did travel by night, Aunt Daisy. The truth is, I had to leave where I was suddenly; the place got too hot to hold me. Can I help it, Aunt Daisy, if men will fall in love with me? And yet I'm always treated as if the fault was entirely mine."

"Were you staying with friends in London when this misfortune happened to you?"

"Yes, Aunt Daisy—at least, I may as well be frank with you—I was expected to talk French to the young people. You understand, I was not a governess, or a companion, it was a sort of 'mutual accommodation' arrangement."

"Oh yes, I understand."

Myrrha yawned.

"Would you like to lie down and sleep a little?" asked Daisy.

"I don't think your own room can be quite ready; but won't you go to mine?"

"Presently, Aunt Daisy. Aunt Daisy, do you think he meant it about the rides?"

"Mr. Stewart generally means what he says."

"But is he a person who can spare the time?"

"I suppose he thinks he can."

"Then," with sudden animation, "I must rout out my habit and see into the state of it. I haven't worn it very lately. I'm afraid it will be in an awful tumble; my things were so horribly ill-packed.—Aunt Daisy, what a charming place you have here! It's a very small house, certainly; but then every thing is so pretty! I made Mr.

Stewart take me all over the garden, the orchard, and the meadow. Do you know, Aunt Daisy, I like Mr. Stewart uncommonly, though he is so queer-looking. Couldn't he afford to dress a little better? I hope he will when he takes me for those rides. All his clothes look so rough! It's a pity he shouldn't dress a little better, for he seems almost a gentleman."

"Mr. Stewart is quite a gentleman."

"Oh, of course, in one sense," suppressing a yawn; "but I meant conventionally speaking. Do you think he likes me, Aunt Daisy? I generally know directly whether people like me or not; but he puzzled me a little: once or twice I fancied he was laughing at me. Do you think he admired me?"

"I fancy, Myrrha, you are tolerably well aware that you're a pretty creature whom all men admire. As to liking—I don't suppose Mr. Stewart likes or dislikes you yet. He's not quick in his likes and dislikes."

"Most men do admire me, certainly; but not quite all. Shall you like me, Aunt Daisy? If so, I might stop with you always—at least, I mean till I marry—that would be awfully jolly. Do you know, Aunt Daisy, I'm not quite sure I will marry. It must be, in so many ways, an awful bore. If I could keep always young and pretty, I'm sure I never would; but when one gets old"—she was now leaning forward, elbows on knees, and quite in earnest—"when one gets to be neglected, and called an 'old maid,' and all that—well, I suppose that is not pleasant, Aunt Daisy, and that then one begins to wish for the dignity and position of a married woman. So, on the whole, I suppose I had better marry, by-and-by. Don't you think so, Aunt Daisy?"

"It is generally considered (marriage, I mean) the more desirable estate."

"But there's no hurry, is there, Aunt Daisy? I don't mean to marry very young; I mean to enjoy myself while I am young—amuse myself. One of the chief reasons why I came away from home was to escape from my lovers (I got into the same sort of mess in London, but I could not help it). I'm the youngest, you know, of the girls at home, and the only pretty one, and it really isn't fair to Jean and Julia that I, who don't mean to marry for a long time to come, should have all the men at my feet, while they, poor girls, who do want to marry—who are in a dreadful hurry to marry—are neglected. They're ever so much older than I am, you know; there were half a dozen or more boys between. It's very hard for them, and trying to their tempers, and makes their poor noses get red. I'm always so sorry for people who are ugly, Aunt Daisy; so I thought it only kind to start on my travels, and try to find a home. I made mamma come out strong on my toilets; I thought that only fair; I've got some that will quite charm you. That old woman in London had the impudence to tell me my dress was quite unsuitable to my position! I don't want to marry a Frenchman, or an American, Aunt Daisy; and the English one meets abroad are such a scrubby set. I tell you what I should like of all things—an English country gentleman, with a house in town. I'd be the queen of a county, set the fashions, and all that. And I'd be good to the poor, and—have you a headache, Aunt Daisy? Ah! you are not used to such rattle; but I shall do you a world of good. I'm a little dull and tired to-day; but, when I'm rested and in good spirits, I shall keep you amused. You'll laugh more in ten days of my being with you than you've done for the last ten years of your life. You have such a sad, grave look, Aunt Daisy; you seem quite to have forgotten that you're not old yet; and you seem to wish other people to forget it, or you wouldn't dress and do your hair in such old-fashioned style! What nice hair you have, Aunt Daisy! I wish you'd let me dress it as I do mine. Mr. Stewart says mine is a happy mixture of the fashionable and the picturesque! You'd be surprised at the lot of compliments I got out of him. I had to work hard for them, though. Yes, I like him, Aunt Daisy, and I mean he shall like me."

"I don't suppose he will find any difficulty in liking you, or will need any making. But, if it were not his will and pleasure to like you, I don't think you would find it easy to bend him to your will and pleasure, as you have, I suppose, been in the habit of doing with younger and more frivolous-natured men."

"I assure you, it is not only by young and frivolous men I have been admired, but also by men quite old and very learned. I don't think I should find Mr. Stewart difficult to subdue, if I set my will to doing it."

"What age are you, Myrrha?"

"Just past nineteen, Aunt Daisy."

"And not engaged, as I gather from your talk—"

"Not exactly engaged."

"And you have never been in love?"

"Not exactly, but—"

"What does 'not exactly' mean?"

"It means, Aunt Daisy, that I am wiser than you think me. The fact is, there are so many of them—"

"So many with whom you are almost in love, to whom you are 'not exactly' engaged?"

"There are so many of them in love with me, I mean. And there is more than one with whom I have felt I might fall in love, if I didn't take care. I know I ought to be a rich man's wife. I wished to see what I could do in England before committing myself to any one—so I ran away. Wasn't that wise?"

"Quite wise."

"Aunt Daisy, I'm afraid your headache is getting much worse. Now, do lie down, and let me take care of you. Let me bathe your forehead with eau-de-cologne. You don't like eau-de-cologne? How strange! What do you do when you have a bad headache?"

"Keep quiet. Nothing more."

"Perhaps I've tired you, as you're not used to me; but I know I shall do you a great deal of good in the end. Do you think my room is ready? Because, if so, I should like to unpack some of my things and to change my dress. Which of the servants can help me?"

"Not either very well this morning. I have only two—Mrs. Moes, who is housekeeper and manager, and a young girl, Jane. Jane can help you in the afternoon. What help you need now, I must give you."

"Of course, Aunt Daisy, I couldn't think of troubling you." Then, with a blank look: "If you have so few servants, Aunt Daisy, who will do my needlework?"

"There's a very fair seamstress in the neighborhood."

"Oh, horror, a country seamstress! By my needlework, I don't mean making linen—that wouldn't matter. I mean little tasteful things—putting on laces, and running on ribbons, and altering trimmings, and that sort of thing."

"Can't you do those yourself?"

"I've never tried."

"Suppose you marry a poor man?"

"Aunt Daisy, I'm not a fool."

"I know, my dear, you don't mean to do that if you can help it, but if you should be so unhappy as to love a man who was not rich."

"I shouldn't marry him; but I don't believe in falling in love against one's will and conviction. My mind is, I hope, too well regulated for there to be any danger of my doing that." She said this standing, hat in hand, very erect, full of the sense of her own dignity and wisdom, the pretty, gleeful eyes fired with resolve.

"She is pretty," thought Daisy, as she admired the flower-like set of the head on its slender white stalk, the slight gracious figure, the lovely coloring. "Such a child, too, and evidently so badly brought up! There is no hidden harm in her, I should say; all the folly and wordliness are outspoken. I wonder if we can be of any use to her—Kenneth and I? Kenneth, if he got influence over her, might improve her." A heavy sigh. "How could I hope to improve any one? Let her be vain and worldly as she may, she must still be a more true and innocent creature than I am!"

## MY ONLY ROMANCE.

I HAVE often wondered whether the four walls of the sleepy, solemn, old granite structure, towering far above all surrounding buildings, and facing the equally sleepy old square, have endeared themselves to the other inmates as they have to me. Every stone in them, from doorstep to pinnacle, is precious to me. Every breath of air that stirs the ivy-leaves, clinging with an almost human devotion to the ancient gray sides, and twining tenderly round the little Gothic windows, seems to murmur a fresh, sweet song to my ears.

I admired it first as a boy, when I used to go there for daily lessons, and, standing on the sidewalk, would look up to the roof, trying to

fancy how long the old pile would stand there after I was dead, and after others who should follow me were dead also. When the other streets about the deserted square should awake into busy life, echoing to the tread of hurrying feet, and the fine old residences be turned into gay shops, or be torn down, to make room for rows of costlier and more commodious storehouses, would it stand there still, wrapped in impenetrable dulness, quietude, and repose?

You see my liking for the place grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. Therefore, it was quite natural on reaching man's estate—the estate, in my case, consisted of a much-bedaubed pallet, a few brushes, and a quantity of canvas—and, deciding to make landscape-painting my profession, that, looking about for a shelter for my, as yet, fameless head, my thoughts should fix upon the roof which, in years ago, had so often covered my curly pate while listening to the dreary old professor endeavoring, with praiseworthy diligence, to instill into my unappreciative brain the elements of Latin and Greek. In two days after the idea entered my head, I was established with all my worldly possessions—a small trunk and an easel—in a delightfully musty, dark old room full of the weird charm that hangs over and penetrates even the very stones of the outer walls.

Another reason why I love the sombre and antiquated place I haven't mentioned yet. There my little romance, the one romance of my life, began, continued, but will not end.

I had lived an uneventful bachelor-life in the building for more than two years, vagabondizing during the warm months among the mountains, and along the coast with a few brother artists; and working hard in winter filling out, copying, altering, and improving, the summer sketches with which my portfolio was always laden to overflowing.

One evening at dusk, late in October, I had returned from a day's trip to the country. I had had a last look at the magnificent wealth of scarlet, and orange, and crimson, and green glory of the woods, where every leaf had danced and played, infiltrated through and through with the warm drops of golden light the sun was showering down. An autumn picture was on my easel, and I felt that, for a day at least, I must steep my senses in the intoxicating mystery of color before I could venture to add the last touches and pronounce it done.

I bade the janitor's wife good-evening, took my key off the nail in her small sitting-room, and started to go up-stairs, when I met with a great surprise. Not at all a disagreeable surprise, for it wore a soft, gray dress, a thick shawl, a round hat with a veil thrown back over the crown, and was toiling up the long staircase with a couple of bundles of wood in one hand, and a tin pail in the other. Numerous brown-paper bundles protruded in all directions from under its round arms, or rather what I immediately fancied were its round arms. A woman in that place was such a very rare vision that I was impelled to follow her, and raising my hat to say: "I beg pardon, madam, pray allow me to assist you."

Two large, startled eyes looked up into mine as I spoke, and then, seeming reassured, a sweet, modulated voice answered: "Thank you, sir; I will accept your kind offer, for I am continually stepping on my dress; and, at this rate, I shall never reach my room."

"Your room!" I involuntarily exclaimed, as I took the pail and bundles of wood. It was such a very odd idea that a lady should have a room in that out-of-the-way place.

"Yes, my room," she said. "I live in number twenty-eight, north corridor, third floor. My brother was too ill to go out to-night, so I am going to get tea for us there."

"Then we are neighbors; my room is number twenty-seven, same corridor," I remarked, more and more mystified.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "then you are the gentleman whose picture old Margaret praises so highly."

"Indeed," I said, laughing, "I had no idea our good janitress admired my poor work."

"You are her greatest favorite among all the artists in the building. But here we are at my door. If you will excuse me while I step in and put these bundles down, I won't detain you a moment longer."

I heard a weak and tremulous call inside the room: "Gervaise, is that you, dear? It seems," in a half-querulous tone, "a long time since you went out."

"Poor Bertie," the sweet voice I already knew replied, "I was just as quick as I could be, darling. I'll try not to be so long another time."

Then, as she opened the door wider to take her things from me, the



light poured out, and she cried: "Oh, oh, oh, how beautiful!" as she looked at a great bunch of gorgeous leaves I held, and which she had not observed in the dim halls. "Please step in one moment, and show them to my brother.—Bertie, this is Mr. Churchill, our next-door neighbor, who has very kindly helped me to bring up my many packages." Then, turning to me, she said: "You see, sir, we know your name very well. This is my brother, Mr. Dale."

"And I hope you will know me, as you do my name very well, some time," I answered, bowing to the sick man in the arm-chair. "I have been out in the woods all day, filling my brain and being with the marvellous beauty of the season; and I have, as usual, brought home twice as many branches as I need; for I could not leave them behind. I dare say I should have tried to bring a cart-load, had not my conscience warned me that it was positively inhuman to break off any more. I see you enjoy them as much as I do, and," turning so as to see her full face, "I am going to ask your brother to do me the favor of taking care of half these leaves. My bachelor establishment affords but one vase, which will hold only a few of them, and I was wondering what I should do with the rest."

A certain dignity in the manner of the young lady, while it was extremely gracious, repelled the slightest deviation from the most formal courtesy, and prevented me from offering the leaves to her. I feared she would decline them, and I had taken an odd fancy that it would be very satisfactory to know that my visit to the woods had given pleasure to some one besides myself. Indeed, it must have been almost the only time within my recollection that I had ever given any satisfaction to anybody; for my life then was almost wholly isolated. As I divided my woodland treasures, the invalid raised his long, slender hand, and, offering it to me, said: "I thank you very much, sir, for both my sister and myself. I am sure we shall enjoy them enough to repay you for the sacrifice of giving them away."

"But the gain is mine," I replied, smilingly; "for now, you see, I shall have the pleasure of knowing that these beauties will be properly cared for. Just look at that scarlet maple with the perfect gradation of color to the orange veins, and the sumachs; perhaps they and the golden beeches are the handsomest, after all. If I had kept them, they certainly must have withered in a few hours. In two days my picture will be finished. Will you and your brother do me the honor of looking at it before it goes to the exhibition?"

I turned so quickly toward her in saying this, that the lady was startled into accepting the invitation, though I believe to this day she intended to decline.

"Thank you," I said; "when it is ready, I shall call for you. Good-night."

When the door closed behind me, I struck a match, and, holding the little, quivering flame quite close to a small, white card, tacked upon the middle panel, read:

"G. DALE,  
Engraver on Wood."

Whether I had suddenly grown more fastidious and critical, or whether my practised fingers had all at once lost their cunning, I cannot determine; but I do know that the two days allotted in my mind to the completion of the autumn-scene upon my easel stretched out into three, four, five; and finally a week passed before I was willing to say "Finished!" and put it in the frame.

But one thing should be considered in extenuation of the delay. My brain had played me the most extraordinary tricks during those seven days. Would you believe that, on awaking from a highly-artistic and analytic reverie one afternoon, I discovered under a group of oaks and beeches, where a dwarf gum-tree should have been, a slight figure in a gray dress, shawl, and hat, with a veil thrown back over the crown?

I see, by your smile, you don't credit the story; but, I assure you, it is true. The picture was finished, however. I took it off the easel to hang it on the wall; pulled it down from there, and, bracing it up on the table with a pile of books, I at last replaced it on the easel, where it properly belonged, before I could be satisfied with the light. After all this, I found myself at number twenty-eight, ready to escort my visitors to my studio.

The slight color that flushed Herbert Dale's face told me, before his words, that he liked and admired my work; but I was not so sure of his sister's approval. For full five minutes she stood leaning over the back of her brother's chair, saying nothing, while I remained in

the background watching the flickering, western sunlight play over her soft, blond hair and delicate sweet face. At last, with a sigh as of mingled longing and regret, she turned and took the chair I silently moved toward her, saying: "It seems to me as perfect as any human hand can make it. You can't imagine how it makes me wish for the country and the woods."

Then she was silent again; but I think my eyes must have said more to her than my lips, for they only uttered, "I thank you."

Of course, we naturally began speaking of pictorial art in all its departments. She told me her brother and herself both drew, and that she engraved their pictures. And I gathered, though she didn't say so, that she supported the two in that way. My interest in this couple, who seemed as much alone in the world as myself, grew every moment they remained; and, long before she exclaimed, "Why, Bertie, dear, it is nearly dark! we must go home this minute," I determined to follow up the acquaintance which had begun so propitiously. Rising to help Herbert back to their room, I asked: "Miss Dale, have you ever seen the 'Seasons,' illustrated by Ludwig Richter?"

"No. I never have had an opportunity, though I have often read about them. I hope some time to be able to buy the set; for I think they would be very helpful to me."

"I think they would be very suggestive to you in many ways, while they are also exceedingly entertaining. When mine are returned by another friend"—I laid the slightest possible accent on the two last words, to see what effect it would have upon her—"may I bring them to you? I rarely open them now, for I know every line and every group by heart."

"Thank you; I should be very glad to see them," she replied, without seeming to notice my emphasis. And then I went out, and stood alone in the gloomy corridor, as I had stood a week before, on the evening when I first met Gervaise Dale.

In a few days my books came back, and I seized the first moment of leisure—it was in the evening—and carried them next door. The call was delightful. The loan of more books, the exhibition of a sketch or two, led to another and another visit; and at last it became a habit with me to spend three or four evenings a week with the Dales.

Up to the time I made the acquaintance of my new friends, my life had been utterly selfish. Every sensation and circumstance had been interesting to me only as it affected my own personality. Every thought and every hope centred in my own advancement and success. Therefore, the self-sacrifice and devotion of Gervaise Dale to her sick brother awoke in me a feeling of surprise and admiration that at the time was almost inexplicable. As a revelation of nobility of character, it appeared in my eyes superhuman.

Herbert and I became much attached to each other, as our acquaintance grew; and frequently, in the short winter afternoons, while Gervaise was out carrying home her work, I read aloud to the unfortunate youth.

One day we were sitting quietly watching the sun sink behind the leafless trees in the lonely park, when he suddenly burst out with:

"Mr. Churchill, I suppose you've often wondered why Gervaise and I should be alone here. I think you ought to know our history, or at least whatever will interest you in it, and I am going to tell it to you."

"Don't tell me any thing you would rather not speak of, Bertie," I said, laying my hand on his; for I knew how hard it is for sensitive natures to open their souls even to their nearest and dearest, and I could not bear he should think me vulgarly curious about their past life.

"I want to tell you. In the first place, Gervaise is an angel."

My heart echoed that, as I looked toward the table in the window where her blocks and pencils and little instruments lay, and thought how cheerfully and uncomplainingly she toiled there, hour after hour, and day after day, to provide for their small needs.

He continued:

"It is the old story of parents dying penniless who are supposed to be wealthy, and of children left to the charity of rich relatives who could hardly have been less generous to their bitterest enemy."

The hot blood rose in his wasted cheek, and burned in his sunken eyes, as he uttered the last sentence; and it spoke more strongly than a thousand words of the indignities put upon them in the home to which they were unwelcome.

"My uncle, who was left our guardian, is a passive, easy-going man, entirely under the control of his clever and unscrupulous wife. I have had hip-disease ever since I can remember, and so, of course, when we were taken to our guardian's house, I was looked upon wholly as a burden, to be endured, not enjoyed. But Gervaise, who was always well and strong, they made slave herself nearly to death, and she cheerfully submitted for my sake.

"Again and again I implored her to run away with me somewhere, if it were only to die in the street, for the sake of getting out of that house. Oh, you can't conceive how I loathed the place, how I longed to get away with Gervaise! That was the question which occupied our minds constantly. I don't know whether it would have been solved to this day, had not my uncle and his family decided to go abroad. Of course, we were left behind. I was glad of it, but Gervaise was not, for she thought travel would have benefited me.

"I knew then just as well as I do now—though I didn't tell her so—that nothing in this world could ever help me, and life in its best state has never been such a blessing that I would try to keep it if I felt it slipping away."

He smiled a sweet, melancholy smile that pierced my heart, and I could only press the thin fingers that lay in mine.

"My one sorrow is in leaving Gervaise all alone; but time heals almost any wound, and I hope some time she will be loved as she deserves by one who can be more than a brother to her.

"But to go back. My guardian's family went away, leaving Gervaise in charge of the house and to take care of me. We felt that that was the time to act, and we revolved a hundred plans by which Gervaise was to learn as many different means of making money.

"Yes, that was the bitter fact. I, the man, the natural provider, must sit with folded hands and wait. You may imagine how I cursed the malignant fate which made me impotent to support the darling girl I loved so well," he went on, vehemently; "you don't know how I have learned to sympathize with women since I've been sick all these years. Great Heaven! I wonder they will consent to live at all, for they must always be the watchers and waiters, and rarely the actors in life.

"Well, nothing that we thought of seemed feasible, and I was nearly desperate from disappointment, when the doctor who attended me suggested that Gervaise should go to the institute and learn wood-engraving. You see we were both already proficient in drawing, my sister especially; for, as long as our parents were alive, we had the best of instruction, and had natural talent for it besides. Of course we received the idea with delight, and after the doctor, who was and is our only friend besides yourself, had made the necessary arrangements, Gervaise began the lessons.

"Perhaps you know what a wonderful aid to all labor necessity is. If you do not, we do; and not many months elapsed before Gervaise could cut her own designs on the blocks with great skill. When she began to be paid for her work, I begged her to leave that house with me; but her sense of honor, which in that case I confess was greater than mine, would not allow her to consent; so we stayed till our guardian returned from Europe last spring.

"Gervaise, meanwhile, had become of age, and it was not very difficult to persuade my uncle"—this with a bitter smile round the thin, drawn lips—"to let her take me, a useless burden, off his hands. The doctor found this place for us—that little inner room, you know, is mine—where we could live absolutely to each other, and not be annoyed by curious eyes.

"At first I could help Gervaise a good deal in drawing; but I am slowly growing weaker, and less and less able to do so. And I can't go out to our meals as I used to. She thinks it is only the winter weather, and that when the robins and the violets come again, I shall be as well as I have been; but I know that the next violets will blossom on my grave, and the robins will sing my requiem."

After this we sat quiet a long time, till the red, western flames faded into yellow and then into gray, and at last Gervaise came in.

Bertie's little history had opened the door of my heart as with a magic key, and looking in I found there a great love for these two lonely and homeless ones, like myself, without ties. But the love for each was quite different. I felt for Herbert a strong, brotherly affection; but for Gervaise—ah, yes, for Gervaise!—the utterly longing, thrilling tenderness a true man feels for the woman into whose hand he wishes to lay the treasures he holds most dear—his happiness, his honor, and his name.

The days slipped by. I could see how rapidly Herbert Dale lost his hold on life; how swiftly he was sinking into eternity. My visits to them were more frequent than before. I was filled with a fierce desire to keep the truth about her brother's health as long as possible from Gervaise. If she suspected it, she did not speak. I felt that it was no time to tell Gervaise my love, to speak of another future. These last days of her life with Bertie, which I could see so well would be few, very few at most, should be wholly theirs. I determined to control my heart till she needed its tenderest ministrations in the days of darkness and sorrow that were certain to come.

A raw, gusty afternoon in February, Bertie and I sat again alone. He had been reading "Dombey and Son;" and, as the fading light grew dim, I closed the book after the chapter about Paul's death. We were filled with the sweet pathos, the tender grief of the scene, and perhaps tracing in our minds a resemblance between the loves of Paul and Florence, and Bertie and Gervaise, when he suddenly asked, laying his hand on mine, and searching my face with his eyes as if he would read my soul: "Charles"—you see he and I used each other's Christian names altogether then—"do you love Gervaise? Not as I love her, I mean, though Heaven knows how love could be greater than mine! but as a man loves the woman he wants to make his wife?"

Wondering if with all my care I had betrayed my heart-secret, I laid my hand over the thin, trembling fingers, and answered: "Who could see Gervaise as I have seen her, know her as I have known her, and not love her, Bertie? You know not how I long to make her my wife; to take her in my arms and fold her away from all sorrow and trouble for evermore. But how did you find me out, dear boy? I had resolved not to breathe it to her till—" checking the words upon my lips.

"Till after I am gone," said Herbert, finishing my sentence with a sweet smile. "Eyes less jealous than mine might have discovered the truth long ago, Charles, had they been watching you as I have. But I will tell you why I spoke first about it. It would be the greatest satisfaction to me if you and she could be married before I say good-bye to you both. I should die absolutely happy if I left her your wife. A few weeks at most is all of life that remains to me. Go out and meet Gervaise, tell her your love—I am sure she returns it—and my wish. Go, Charles, now."

Stooping to kiss his pallid cheek, I whispered: "Thank you, Bertie, for sending me. I would not speak without your consent, but now I can hardly wait to find her."

The lamps were beginning to be lighted when I descried the little gray figure far down the street, and hurried toward it. My heart was full, my mind was full of the one thing I had come to say; but I began in the most commonplace way by offering my arm, and saying: "You are late to-night, Miss Gervaise."

"Rather," she replied, absently.

And then, speaking no more, we walked rapidly on. We had almost reached the old square when, plucking up courage, I said: "Gervaise, I came to meet you to-night, to tell you something which has been in my heart to tell you many a night before when I have come to meet you. But I fancied it was right it should remain unspoken until—until what I have to say would not make even the slightest barrier between you and Bertie. But now I have his consent to tell you of my love, and ask you to be my wife. Do you love me, Gervaise?"

We had wandered into the park by that time, and I drew her under one of the scattering lamps, and with both hands turned the sweet face upward to the flickering light, and read in the speaking eyes the answer I longed to hear.

After we had paused in silence—how eloquent that silence was!—under the gaunt, leafless trees, I told Gervaise, as gently and tenderly as I could, that Bertie's death was very near, and that he was as anxious to leave her my wife as I was to make her so, and pressed her to say when we should be wedded.

"Don't ask me to-night, Charles, please," she pleaded, clinging convulsively to my arm, "there is such a strange mingling of supreme happiness and bitter grief in my mind and heart that I cannot think. I have known so long, dear, that Bertie must go, and yet I have tried to deny the evidence of my own eyes, and to school myself to bear it at the same time. Let us go to Bertie. Every minute with him is precious to us both now."

Three days later, on a beautiful afternoon, when the glimmering

sunbeams fell lovingly on my darling's golden hair, we were united by the sweetest and solemnest of all ceremonies. Ere our wedded happiness was a week old, we were called upon to mourn over a gentle spirit, who, though dead to the world, will always live to me, and to her, I am as happy now to call my wife as on the day I first pillowed her blessed head upon my loving heart.

LILIAN GILBERT BROWNE.

## THE EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN AT HOME.

BY THE ROVING AMERICAN.

### III.

#### A PEEP BEHIND THE HAREM-CURTAIN.

AN English poet, whose "Palm-Leaves" contain the truest and most graphic pictures of the East, has embodied the imaginative idea of the Eastern harem-life and its theory in the country of its adoption:

"Behind the lofty garden-wall,  
Where stranger-face can ne'er surprise;  
That inner world, her all-in-all,  
The Eastern woman lives and dies.  
"Husband and children round her draw  
The narrow circle where she rests;  
His will the single perfect law,  
That scarce with choice her mind molests.  
"Their birth and tutelage the ground  
And meaning of her life on earth—  
She knows not elsewhere could be found  
The measure of a woman's worth."

Such is, undoubtedly, the theory of the harem, that "woman's mission" is not to meddle with the business of men, but to devote herself strictly to her domestic duties as wife and mother, comforter and consoler of her rougher and sterner mate. This theory is carried out as far as the infirmity of human nature will permit, and it cannot be doubted that the Eastern women are not only contented but very happy in their ignorance of "woman's rights" and the "true sphere of woman," as defined by the most eloquent and determined of our strong-minded preachers in petticoats and their weaker brethren in pantalons.

The woman's apartment, or harem, is, indeed, a secret and shrouded spot, and into it the foot of no man, save the master, may penetrate. The sultan himself, nor the Viceroy of Egypt, dares enter the harem of the meanest of his subjects, and even the officers of justice cannot penetrate its recesses. Hence, in a country where the rule is so arbitrary that neither person nor property is ever secure, the harem is a sanctuary, a place of refuge for its owner, so long as he is within its precincts. Here, too, he may secrete his valuables, and often the wealth of a man is to be found safely invested in precious stones, which adorn the persons of his wives.

Even his own brother is never permitted to see the faces of his wives, nor to pass the threshold of the harem; and his son, after ten years of age, is strictly excluded also, except from the apartment of his own mother. Much of the time of the Oriental is spent in the society of his women, who are absolute within their own domain, and, if Eastern gossip say true, hen-pecked husbands there are the rule, and not the exception. The influence of woman is very powerful there as elsewhere, in spite of this seclusion, and even in public affairs is strongly felt. If a man has many wives (and his religion allows him four, with a facility of divorce which even Indiana may envy, and as many handmaidens as were permitted to the patriarchs), each wife has her separate apartments. The Egyptian or Turkish gentleman, therefore, has several different families under his roof, with whom to while away his leisure, each separate family hating the others cordially, but all vying in their attentions to him.

The Prince Halim, uncle to the present viceroy, an educated and accomplished man, attempted to brave this prejudice against the unveiling of the female face at home by allowing his young daughter once to sit at table with uncovered face among some European guests. But the popular outcry which this incident created, even against a prince so well-beloved as himself, proved how deeply rooted that prejudice is at Cairo.

When, therefore, a foreigner and his wife visit an Egyptian family, they are separated at the door of the house, and rejoin each other

there afterward, having been respectively received and entertained by host and hostess on the separate system in different parts of the dwelling.

We have had many vivid pictures of the interiors of the harem from many female pencils, portraying all its lights and shades, and so little do habits change in the East that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's sketch, taken so many years since, is still as correct as when that lively lady wrote it. These "lights of the harem" are usually uneducated—one who can even read or write being an exception—but, as most of the men are as little literary, signing their names by a seal they wear on their little fingers, that does not matter much. There are exceptions; for the wife, or princess, of Saïd Pacha, the late viceroy, was not only an educated Circassian, but a poetess of no mean merit also.

But, from the most reliable accounts, the great majority belong to the party of know-nothings, and rejoice only in the unwritten chronicles of the bazaars, the baths, and the harem, where chat and scandal are as incessant as in more civilized circles. These "lilies of the valley"—white, black, and spotted—"toil not, neither do they spin." They shun all exertion of mind or body, except in the duties of maternity; for they are devoted mothers, and have devoted children. Never, in any part of the world, have I witnessed such reciprocal affection and reverential respect between parent and child as in the East. That system cannot be all evil which bears such fruits, utterly opposed as it may be to all our prepossessions. But indolence is bias with the Eastern woman as with the man. We have no word to express what they call *keff*, which denotes a state of perfect animal and intellectual rest, where all the senses seem steeped in the soft, luxurious languor of the lotos-eaters. The Eastern woman, therefore, is not "accomplished." She neither plays, nor sings, nor dances. She causes her slaves to exhibit all these before her, while she sits languidly inhaling the perfumed smoke of her nargile. To do any of these things herself would be to assimilate her to her slaves. Hence the high price demanded by the daughter of Herodias for her condescension in making such an exhibition when she danced off the head of John the Baptist.

Eating sweetmeats, drinking sherbets, smoking nargiles, and sleeping much, consume most of her time not devoted to the care of her children. She has no other household duties, unless she be too poor to have slaves or domestic servants, and the greater anxieties of European housewives, in relation to receiving and entertaining their husbands' friends, the Eastern women entirely escape. Their society is exclusively among themselves, and, when they meet at each other's houses or at the bazaars, veiled and guarded by eunuch or old woman, or on Fridays, when they spend the whole day at the public baths (*hammams*), they interchange gossip and scandal as freely as though they had weekly receptions or gave grand balls to Society (spelled with a large S). In fact, the foreign ladies who visit them are often astonished at the accuracy and extent of their information as to all that is going on out-of-doors, even among the European population, and are often more amused than edified by their revelations. So impossible is it to keep the softer sex from talking scandal! Equally impossible also is it to keep them from love-making, for even "bars and bolts cannot a prison make" which woman's wit cannot defy. It must be admitted that the Eastern woman has a perfect passion for intrigue, and agrees with the ancient Spartan that the guilt of a sin is in its being found out.

The air of Eastern towns seems redolent of intrigue, which occupies much of the thoughts and time of these caged birds, whose cages seem so secure, and whose male and female watchmen are apparently so vigilant. Yet these poor-spirited creatures, to whom not only the practices but even the precepts of Sorosis are utterly undreamed-of things, are actually proud of the precautions taken by their lords and masters to secure their fidelity and fetter their free will. They actually compassionate and condole with their freer Frank sisters on the masculine indifference which alone could permit them to go abroad freely, with unveiled faces, to be seen of and converse with all men! Sentiment (as we understand it) is a stranger to the mind or the breast of Eastern man or woman, for it is a hot-house plant, which requires for its growth the warmth of home-training and religious instruction, and the soil of a cultivated moral and intellectual nature.

The child of an animal mother, reared up in such an atmosphere, and amid such surroundings, intrusted from infancy to early puberty



to her control, and as destitute of moral or intellectual training as herself, how can he be other than the man he becomes?

This is the dark side. See the sunshiny one exhibited by the pencil of the poet of the "Palm-Leaves:"

"If young and beautiful, she dwells  
An idol in a secret shrine,  
Where one high-priest alone dispels  
The solitude of charms divine;  
And in his happiness she lives,  
And in his honor has her own,  
And dreams not that the love she gives  
Can be too much for him alone.

"And when maturer duties rise  
In pleasure's and in passion's place,  
Her dutious loyalty supplies  
The presence of departed grace.  
So hopes she, by untiring truth,  
To win the smiles, to share with him  
Those glories of celestial youth,  
— That time can never taint or dim." \*

But we have left our side of the house to wander over forbidden ground, the forfeit for which would be life, if detected, and so must escape. The reader must pardon us for taking him where female feet alone are permitted to tread, even by the most hospitable Eastern host. But it was necessary to unveil that portion of the life of the Egyptian gentleman he never voluntarily will show you, the curtain of which he will never raise for stranger-eye to penetrate.

Let us now return to the prince, and see how he usually passes his days at home.

### INTER COENAM.

ALL the world is sunk in slumber  
As I sit in my garret high,  
While the solemn stars shine sadly  
Far up in the midnight sky;  
And I muse through the night's dark watches—  
All the house so hushed and still—  
With a meek slave standing silent,  
To wait on my lordly will.

Then I say to my dumb slave straightway,  
Go—set me the royal chair!  
Go—bring me the lordly purple  
That is fit for a king to wear!  
Lo! swift as a viewless spirit,  
He hath done my high behests;  
And I sit in my garret-chamber  
To welcome my royal guests.

Then up to the bare brown rafters,  
And sweet through the misty gloom,  
Float the scents of the golden summer  
When the fields are all abloom;  
And I hear on the world's great anvil  
The clang of the heaven-forged swords;  
With "Strike for the truth, O brother!  
For the triumph is the Lord's!"

Then far from the vanished ages  
Do the shining cohorts rise;  
With him of the regal forehead,  
And him of the sightless eyes;  
There the lord of the Tuscan laurels,  
With the bard of the boyish days;  
While the mighty master, smiling,  
Stands crowned with his English bays.

So, all through the solemn stillness  
Do I drift with the drifting tide,  
All alone with my soul's great comrades  
And with one sweet dream beside;

\* Their future union depends on his will, though not her future state of reward or punishment.

While we sit at the royal banquet  
Where the vintage is divine,  
And purples the golden goblets  
That brim with the beady wine.

Slow the wondrous prean rises,  
As I chant with the mighty throng;  
And I join with my humbler music  
In the chorus of the song;  
Till the notes ring grander, clearer,  
While my lamp burns dimly down;  
And I see in its dark penumbra  
The gleam of a kingly crown.

So, drunk with the purple vintage,  
I rise from the royal feast,  
When the rosy tints of morning  
Just brighten the drowsy east;  
But still through the day's stern labor  
With its doubts, and strifes, and pain,  
Do I long for the night's great banquet  
When my cup shall be crowned again.

Then how shall the rude world harm us  
With its praises or its blames,  
We, priests of the Truth's proud altars,  
And peers of such lofty claims,  
Who, crowned with the rosy chaplets  
'Neath the sheen of angels' wings,  
Sit quaffing the wine of welcome  
At the banquets of the kings!

EDWARD RENAUD.

### FREDERICKA BRION, GOETHE'S FIRST LOVE.

"HAPPY is he," says Schiller, "whom the gods love, even before his birth; whom, as a child, Venus cradles in her arms; whose eyes Phæbus anoints, whose lips Hermes touches, upon whose forehead Jove presses the seal of power. An exalted destiny shall be his, for, ere the beginning of the conflict, his temples are wreathed with bay."

Such a favored one of Heaven seemed Goethe, whom Germany recognizes as her greatest genius, and to whom the world might justly assign a place, among modern poets and dramatists, second only to that of Shakespeare.

The only son of a rich banker and imperial counsellor, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the year 1749. To this, her "Sunday child," her darling, Nature came laden with the choicest gifts. Beauty, wealth, genius, friends, station—all were his. Life was to be to him no *via dolorosa*, up which he must toil, bearing the cross of neglect and penury. The bitterness of feeling his best efforts unappreciated, of seeing his best thoughts fall cold upon the public ear, were never his. Poverty, which eats into the sensitive soul of genius like a canker, and is sure to sadden if it does not harden, he never knew. The upward path was made smooth for him, while proud, loving friends stood by to aid him in every earnest work, to cheer him on to every high endeavor.

Had he been less the grand, noble genius he was, he might have become the spoiled child of affluence and adulation. But he had aims in life higher than pleasure, broader than power, and he could not turn a deaf ear to the voice within, urging him on to grand and lofty things. Conscious of his splendid gifts, he heartily and exultantly set about his appointed work.

"Oh, his pride, his sacred pride in his beauty!" writes "the Child," Bettina von Arnim; and the outward casket was indeed worthy of the princely soul it enshrined. The form, above the medium height, was that of a stalwart Hercules, while the face and head had the ideal beauty of an Apollo. The brow was high and massive; the features were clear and finely cut, as in the models of classic art; the eyes large, deep, and lustrous; the complexion fresh and glowing. It is said that his personal appearance was so striking that, whenever he

entered a public place, even as a stranger, all eyes were at one fixed upon him.

In youth he was a wild, adventurous fellow, whose slight regard to worldly conventionalities greatly outraged his precise, pompous old father. With years his manners grew courtly and dignified, even haughty; but his haughtiness was not that of the *parvenu* or coxcomb. He could look beyond the surface, and his respect for men was not based upon the station the world assigned them. Worth and talent guided him in the choice of friends, and, to those he chose to fascinate, he was through life the most fascinating of men.

But this man, so favored by fortune, so exalted by genius, so idolized by his fellows, was, after all, a man with the usual weaknesses and frailties, and, among his greatest faults, was untruth to the better feelings of his own heart. Courtied and caressed by all, he was an especial favorite with women, and, being much in society, he could be neither blind nor deaf to their admiration. Of a susceptible, impulsive nature, from youth to middle life he was continually falling in love. As he loved readily, he forgot easily, and most of his attachments of this kind were very transient; but there was one deeper and more enduring—his first *real* love, and his best. Of this we purpose to speak briefly.

In his twenty-second year young Goethe went to Strasbourg to complete his law-studies at the university. One pleasant October day he was invited by his friend Wieland to ride over to Drusenheim, a lovely country-village, lying in one of the most delightful regions of Alsace, and pay a visit to Pastor Brion, the spiritual shepherd of that rural community.

The Brions, in their simple, refined, cheerful home-life, forcibly reminded the young student of the charming family in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." In Pastor Brion and his excellent wife, he saw the good vicar and his spouse; Salome, the elder daughter, he called Olivia; Fredericka, the younger, Sophia; and, when the only son and brother appeared, he could scarce help exclaiming, "Moses! and are you here, too?"

Fredericka, a romping young girl of sixteen, upon his arrival, was, as usual, absent on her out-of-door wanderings. After a while she came tripping into the room, apparently not at all awed by the presence of the aristocratic young gentleman from the city. She was a bright, blithesome young creature, and the fresh, piquant style of her beauty was greatly enhanced by the charming dress she wore—the old German costume, seldom seen outside the rural districts—a bodice tightly fitting the form; a short, full skirt, displaying the neatest of feet and ankles, and a black-silk apron.

"There she stood," says Goethe, in his "Wahrheit und Dichtung," "on the boundary between country beauty and city belle. Slender and airy, she tripped along as if she had nothing to carry, and her neck seemed almost too delicate for the luxuriant braids of flaxen hair on her elegant little head. A free, open glance beamed from her calm, blue eyes, and her pretty little turned-up nose peered inquiringly into the air with as much unconcern as if there could be nothing like care in the world. Her straw hat dangled on her arm, and thus, at the first glance, I had the delight of seeing her perfect grace, and acknowledging her perfect loveliness."

With his usual impetuosity, the young man fell in love with Fredericka at first sight, and every subsequent meeting only added fuel to the flame. Pastor Brion's house was but a few miles from Strasbourg, and Goethe's visits there became very frequent. During these visits he and Fredericka were inseparable companions, and soon came to be regarded by all as lovers.

Fredericka, a perfect child of Nature, was never so happy as when in the open air.

Goethe says of her: "She was one of those women who please us best out-of-doors. The loveliness of her manner harmonized with the flowery earth, the unclouded serenity of her face with the blue sky. A refreshing breath seemed ever to hover around her." After dwelling with rapture upon her grace, her beauty, and her goodness, he adds: "I knew no sorrow, no unrest in her presence. I was immeasurably happy when by her side."

The youth and the maiden were constant companions. They walked and rode, they read and sung, they talked and laughed together, and neither dreamed of any pleasure in which the other might not share. With the family and other friends, they took little jaunts into the country, went on excursions to the islands of the Rhine, and visited at the neighboring houses. Both, in their entire happiness, were the

gayest of the gay, and the life of every company; "but," says Goethe, "while we seemed to be living for those around us, we lived only for each other."

During absence they were still united in thought, and their letters were very frequent. In her correspondence Fredericka showed herself the same happy, unaffected child as in the intercourse of daily life. Goethe was already becoming known as a poet, and this young girl became the inspiration of his sweetest lays. He wrote many songs expressly for her, and set them to well-known melodies—"enough to fill a volume," he says, "had they been collected."

"My passion grew the more," he writes, "as I came to know the worth of the excellent girl, and the time approached when I must leave so much love and goodness, perhaps forever."

There had been no formal betrothal, and yet, in the sight of men and angels—by the election of their own hearts—these young lovers belonged to each other.

Goethe passed a highly-creditable examination, and received his degree as doctor of laws, an honor of which his father was not a little proud. The old gentleman had very high aspirations for his gifted son.

Before returning home to Frankfort young Doctor Goethe went to bid Fredericka adieu.

He writes: "Those were painful days, which I would gladly forget. As from on horseback I reached her my hand at parting, tears stood in her eyes, and I was also very sad at heart."

He had resolved upon leaving Strasbourg, to tear this passion for Fredericka from his heart; no matter how much agony it cost him. But this was no light task, for it was a love which had taken deep hold of all that was best and noblest in his nature. In absence, the image of the sweet young girl was ever before his eyes, and he pined incessantly for her. Had he followed the dictates of his heart, he would have returned to her to set the seal to their mutual affection by a formal betrothal. But wordly prudence with him was stronger than love, and he was a man who could yield up the sweetest dream of his life to ambition.

The disparity of station between the rich banker's son and the country clergyman's daughter was very great; it was an alliance to which the haughty old Frankfort aristocrat would never consent—yet still, in his inmost heart, Goethe knew that Fredericka was worthy of him.

The affection of the proud young student and man of the world had been put to a severe test when Fredericka and her sister, in their obsolete provincial costume, had come to visit some rich and fashionable Strasbourg relatives. Though Fredericka possessed a natural ease and grace of manner which made her at home in any society, still Goethe could not fail to note the contrast between his "woodland nymph" and the circle of high-bred ladies in which he moved.

Morbidly sensitive to the opinion of others, he could not endure to have his chosen one the object of invidious remark or criticism, and it was a positive relief to him when Fredericka returned home. Yet he very well knew that she would have the tact and good sense to adapt her dress and manner to the circles in which she would be introduced as his wife, and it is not probable that it was her inferior station or unacquaintance with high life, nor, indeed, fear of his father's displeasure, that induced him to break off the connection. He dreaded marriage as the grave of ambition, the frustration of a high career.

Soon after his arrival home he wrote the young girl a letter, bidding her adieu forever.

He says: "Fredericka's answer tore my heart. I now, for the first time, became aware of her bereavement, and saw no possibility of alleviating it. She was ever in my thoughts. I felt that she was wanting to me, and, worst of all, I could not forgive myself. I had wounded to the very depths one of the most beautiful and tender of hearts, and that period of repentance, bereft of the love which had supported me, was agonizing, intolerable. But man will live, and hence I took sincere interest in others, seeking to disentangle their embarrassments, and to unite those about to part, that they might not feel what I felt. Hence I got the name of the *confidant*. On account of my wanderings, I was also called the wanderer. I turned more than ever to the open world and Nature, and there alone I found comfort. During my walks I improvised hymns and dithyrambs. One of these, 'The Wanderer's Sturm-Lied,' yet remains. The burden of the song is, that a man of genius must walk resolutely through the storms of life."

No word of blame ever escaped Fredericka's lips, though Goethe himself says that his desertion nearly cost her her life.

Retired from the world, in the sweet solitude of her country-home, she passed a life beautiful in its unselfish devotion to others. While he to whom she had given her heart's first and only love stood upon the dizzy heights of fortune, splendor, and renown, she was the benefactor of the poor, the consoler of the sorrowing, the friend of all who were desolate and oppressed.

There were depths in her character, of which those who knew her only in her careless, happy young girlhood, little dreamed. She possessed a refined, sensitive nature; a tender, loving, womanly heart, which was worthy of a better fate. She was sought by others in marriage, among whom was Goethe's friend Lenz; but she declined all offers, saying, "The heart that has loved Goethe can belong to no other."

Eight years after their parting Goethe again went to visit the family once so dear, and the old scenes where the happiest moments of his life had passed. He was received cordially by all, even by Fredericka, who, he says, did not make the slightest effort to rekindle within him the old flame.

On the 5th of April, 1815, Fredericka Brion died in the little village of Sesenheim, which had been her home for many years. Her life had been tranquil, and her end was peace. The elder people of the village still remember and speak lovingly of the "good Aunt Fredericka," whose many virtues and acts of unobtrusive charity had endeared her alike to young and old.

She was laid to rest in the village church-yard, and, in accordance with her dying request, the only memorial above her grave was a simple black cross, placed there by the hands of those who had loved her. But the German youth, enraptured with the "Wahrheit und Dichtung" of their greatest poet, longed to behold the scene of the sweetest idyl of his life—to visit the spot where slumbered all earth could hold of her who had once loved Goethe so fondly—had been so fondly loved by him. And so the little black cross became the prey of relic-hunters, and for many years Fredericka Brion slept without any memorial save that recorded in loving hearts.

A few years ago the Rhenish poet, Hugo Oelbermann, and his friend, Frederick Gessler, visited the spot, and, through the *Gartenlaube*, the most widely circulated of German periodicals, solicited subscriptions for a monument to her who had been the first, best love of their great poet. The call met with a liberal and hearty response, and, on the 19th of August, 1866, the monument, a master-work of Honberg, was unveiled in the presence of a large assemblage.

The monument is simple yet noble, and, from a gold background near its summit, stands out in fine relief the bust of Fredericka. The features of the lovely face, perhaps somewhat idealized, glow almost with the light of transfiguration, and we marvel not that she was the first, perhaps the one true love of the great poet's life.

Beneath the bust is this inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
FREDERICKA BRION.

A beam of the post-sun fell upon her so richly as to lend her immortality."

To the oft-repeated questions, "Why was Goethe so faithless to himself and her? Why did he not marry Fredericka?" the most fitting answer may be found in the words he puts into the mouth of one of his characters:

"Marry? What, marry just at the time when life opens to you! To coo yourself up at home before you have gone over half your wanderings, or accomplished half your conquests! That you love the girl is natural; that you promised her marriage is the act of a madman."

"There is more truth than poetry in these words," coolly remarks one of Goethe's apologists. "It is, at any rate, by no means evident to me that infidelity to his genius would not have been a greater crime than infidelity to his mistress!"

Says another: "Marriage was a phantom from which he shrunk. Eros, with folded bow and broken wing, was to him an image of fear!"

But marriage with Fredericka Brion, the woman who loved and appreciated and gloried in him, would have been no infidelity to his genius, no frustration of his high career.

His biographer, Lewes, says: "He knew little, and that not until

late in life, of the subtle interweaving of habit with affection, which makes life saturated with love, and love itself become dignified through the serious aims of life. He knew little of the exquisite companionship of two souls striving in emulous spirit of loving rivalry to become better, teaching each other to soar! He knew little of this, Fredericka, and the life of sympathy he refused to share with thee is wanting to the greatness of his works."

Had he early in life married Fredericka, he would have been saved from many an idle flirtation, and from that hopeless passion for Charlotte Buff, the heroine of his "Sorrows of Werther," who, being engaged to another, was beyond his reach. "Had she been free," says one of his biographers, "he would, in all probability, have left her as he did Fredericka."

Had Fredericka been the guardian genius of his life, that brilliant, fascinating, intellectual, but unprincipled married woman of the world, the Baroness von Stein, would not for twelve years have exercised such influence over him; he would also have escaped that unlawful connection with Christiana Vulpius, a woman in every respect unworthy of him, which, after long years, ended in a marriage whose wretchedness he vainly tried to hide from the world.

The great poet and royal councillor, amid all his worldly fame and honor, knew nothing of the delights of a well-ordered, peaceful home, to which he could turn from the world's turmoil for rest and happiness; he had no congenial heart to share his joys and sorrows, to glory in his success. And so, without having ever harbored malice against him who had blighted her young life, Fredericka Brion was avenged.

For seventeen years she had been sleeping peacefully in the little church-yard at Sesenheim when Goethe's summons came. In 1832, full of years and honors, his mind undimmed, his natural force unabated, the great poet died.

He died tranquilly, painlessly, leaving a name linked to immortality through those great works which have left their impress on his own age, and will help to mould the thought of all the ages yet to come.

But the great poet, the transcendent genius, and the sweet, gentle woman, unknown save that her humble name is linked to his, are equals in the sight of God.

FRANCES A. SHAW.

## A PICNIC AMONG THE ESTERELLES.

IT was on a fine, bright day, about the middle of December, that a number of carriages might have been seen drawn up before the *porte cochère* of a small but aristocratic hotel in the town of Cannes, in Provence, south of France. That something more than a common drive was intended seemed evident from the preparations which one saw on every side; shawls, cloaks, and great-coats, were bestowed away in the corners of the vehicles, while several good-sized baskets, which seemed heavy and well filled, betokened an ample supply of creature comforts for the inner man.

Presently the company began to issue, to the number of some five-and-twenty to thirty individuals of both sexes and varying ages; the carriages were speedily occupied, and orders were given to the coachmen to direct their course to a little way-side inn which stands on the highest part of the main road that leads from Nice to Marseilles, right through the Esterelle Mountains. This little inn was to be the stopping-place for the carriages, and the general rendezvous for the party, the first stage in the day's expedition, and from that point the rest of the excursion was to be carried out according to the taste and inclination of each individual member.

Here, perhaps, some one might be tempted to exclaim against the absurdity of a picnic in the middle of December, and that, too, in the midst of a mountainous district, and to say that such an idea is preposterous.

You would be quite right, dear madam, or honored sir, to make such an objection, were the scene of the excursion laid in this country, and in such a climate as ours; for at that period of the year there would very likely be several inches of snow on the ground, and the idea of an excursion then to a mountain's summit, and, much more, of a picnic there, would only be suggestive of red noses and frozen fingers and toes.

But pray remember that we are here on the shores of the Mediter-

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anean, quite at the southern extremity of France, in a climate which permits the orange, the lemon, the date-palm, the cassia, etc., to flourish luxuriantly in the open air—where frost and snow are hardly seen or felt during the entire winter; where, though the air may often be chilly at night, it is always cheered and warmed during the day by the rays of a sun that is never obscured by fog; where one may see gentlemen and ladies bathing in the open sea until the end of December; where many residents of the place wear during the whole year the Panama hats, which in other countries are only used as a protection against the rays of the sun during two or three months of summer. Remember this, and you will no longer consider it an absurdity to talk of a picnic to the mountains in December.

On the day in question, the sky was almost cloudless; the air was clear and exhilarating, and every thing combined to favor the enjoyment of the party.

It was somewhat cosmopolitan in its composition, for many countries and nationalities had contributed their quota. The majority consisted of English ladies and gentlemen, who had come to pass the winter in Cannes; but there were Americans, from the United States as well as from Canada; there was a Scottish gentleman, with his wife, who had become a settler and property-holder in Australia; there was an Irish gentleman farmer from Tipperary; there was a young Spaniard; while the members of a charming Russian family, and two or three French officers from the garrison of the little neighboring town of Antibes, helped to complete the variety, as well as to augment the mirth and conviviality of the occasion.

The Esterelles are a spur of the chain which, branching off from the great range of the Alpes Maritimes, and passing at some distance behind the town of Grasse on the road to Dauphine, turn somewhat after that, and throw themselves, at a distance of some ten or twelve miles from Cannes, across the main road which, skirting the shores of the Mediterranean, leads from Italy to Toulon, Marseilles, and thence on to Paris—projecting their huge bulk into the sea to some considerable extent, like a gigantic bulwark, and serving a very useful purpose to the country to the eastward by shielding it from the dreaded mistral, or northwest wind, which prevails at certain periods, and is the curse of fair Provence. The city of Marseilles is particularly liable to it, and afflicted by it; for there it rages, at times, with a fury that is almost inconceivable, carrying persons along the streets in spite of their resistance, and overturning carriages, so that it is hardly safe, while it blows, to venture out.

The Esterelles, however, act as a very effectual barrier against this dreaded wind, and thus contribute to create for Cannes that sheltered position which has given it so great a reputation, and made it the resort of invalids and persons of delicate lungs from all quarters of the globe. They are, besides, very picturesque in appearance, and their varied and swelling forms and wooded slopes add much to the beauty of the landscape, from whichever side it may be viewed; while, during the winter, when the sun sets directly behind their summits, there is a constant succession of beautiful and varying effects, which must be seen to be properly appreciated, and are an endless delight to the artistic eye.

Mont Vinaigre is the highest point of the Esterelles, attaining an elevation of something less than three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and to climb this peak was in the programme of the party on the present occasion—that is to say, of all those whom age or weakness did not incapacitate from such rude exertion. The young members of the company were full of ardor, and impatient to arrive at the spot where the climbing was to commence; and the seniors, while amused at their expressions of eagerness and delight, could not help themselves being carried away to some extent, and becoming once more young as the youngest.

I have said that the main road from Nice to Marseilles passes directly through or over the Esterelles; indeed, the latter throw themselves so completely across the country that the road-makers had no alternative but to tunnel through, and this latter course has been adopted to a considerable extent by the engineers who carried through that part of the Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles Railroad which is continued on to Nice and the Italian frontier.

This main road was the one pursued upon the present occasion, skirting the shores of the Mediterranean until, after passing the little village of Agay, it quits the sea and begins to climb the hills which conduct to the highest ground.

Here, as the road began to wind upward, each turn would present

some new feature of picturesque beauty. From time to time, one would get a glimpse of the sea—sublime, that day, in its stillness, as upon other occasions in its fury; but there were so many other elements as to constitute a panorama of considerable extent, and infinite variety and beauty.

The shore, from the Esterelles, as it approaches Cannes, gradually slopes inward, forming a long and majestic but not very deep bay, which terminates, some four miles beyond that town, at the highland which forms the eastern extremity of the Gulf Juan, and on which stands a lofty light-house; and the whole of this long expanse, for a mile or two back from the sea, is studded with large hotels, and handsome or modest chateaux and villas, which have been for the most part erected within the last few years for the accommodation of the numerous visitors to Cannes, among which one sees the less pretentious habitations of the farmers and other inhabitants of the country amid a mass of many-colored foliage.

To the right, about a couple of miles from the main-land, is the group of islands called the Lerins, of which the largest—*Ste. Marguerite*—served many years as the prison of the famous Man of the Iron Mask, whose identity has given rise to so much discussion; while the next in size—*St. Honorat*—possesses a very curious old chateau, and is now occupied by some priests who have under their charge a school for the reformation of young men.

To the left, a little behind Cannes, on ascending ground, and almost buried under the foliage of the oranges, the lemons, and the olives, which surround it, one may see the little town of Cannet, whither the celebrated tragic actress Rachel came to reëstablish her health, and where she died. More to the north is Grasse, the chief town of the canton, the residence of the *sous-préfet*, and famous all the world over for its perfumery, the manufacture of which is the principal business of the place; while far away to the eastward loomed up dimly the giant outlines of the summits of the Alpes Maritimes, covered with perpetual snow, and forming a glorious background to the picture.

Add to all this the infinite variety in the foliage—for, although at that season the fig-trees are bare of leaves, it must be remembered that the oranges and lemons are in their glory, their fruit ripening about New-Year; and that the olive is an evergreen, whose grayish and rather sad-colored hue makes an agreeable contrast with the brighter greens of the former, while the trunks, twisted and often bizarre in their forms, produce a most picturesque effect in the landscape.

At this stage of the road many of the party descended from the vehicles, for the sake of easing the poor horses, who were toiling up the long and sometimes steep ascents; and at last, some on foot and some in carriages, all safely arrived at the little inn which had been designated for the rendezvous.

The building itself is one of the most modest pretensions, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, without any pretensions at all; it is of some extent, but only part of it was occupied, as the doors and blinds of one end were fast closed. In former days, before any railroad had been constructed through the Esterelles, when diligences were passing several times every day, conveying the mails and passengers from Marseilles and Toulon to Nice, and when *chaises de poste* and private carriages were daily traversing the excellent road, which serves as the only means of communication with the world beyond the mountain, this inn had perhaps been a point of some importance, as it offered a convenient place to breathe the horses after the sharp ascent on either side; and, while the horses were resting, the masters and mistresses would often take some refreshment. But now, alas! its glory has departed. The days of diligences passed away with the opening of the railway, and the rich families who used to cross the mountains in *chaises de poste* now preferred the quicker and less troublesome route by rail, and were whirled through at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, without a moment's thought of all they lost in forsaking the old and picturesque mountain-road.

Now, visitors were few and far between, and the decline was no less marked in quality than in quantity; for, instead of rich English *milords*, with their valets and couriers, or French marquises and counts, or Russian princes, scattering gold around in profusion, and never disputing the amount of a bill, however exorbitant it might be, now their principal customers were the few teamsters who still continued to transport certain kinds of merchandise across the mountains, in spite of the ruinous competition of the railway. Even these

were diminishing, as the older ones died or retired from the business, as there was not much to tempt new ones to enter the field. Occasionally, some well-to-do farmer from the environs of Cannes or Grasse on the one side, or Fréjus on the other, a lawyer or a notary, on his way to visit some client whose residence was in or near the mountains, would come along on horseback or in his little country-cart, and would stop to take his *petit verre* and have a chat with the people of the house; but such visitors did not do much to increase the prosperity of the way-side inn.

The sudden arrival, therefore, of so large a party of hungry guests might well have taxed the limited resources of the family into whose hands the administration of affairs had fallen on the present day, had no provision been otherwise made for the necessities of the occasion; but our host in Cannes, well knowing by previous experience how little dependence could be placed upon the larder and cellar of the little inn, had insisted upon our taking with us all that was necessary, both in solids and liquids, for an abundant lunch; and the large baskets to which allusion was made at the commencement of this article furnished, at the proper moment, a store of good things sufficient to rejoice the eyes and gladden the heart even of an epicure.

Our first care was to find a guide who could conduct us to the summit of Mont Vinaigre; nor was this a matter of any difficulty, for one of the officers from Antibes immediately undertook to procure a competent one, and returned, after an absence of a few minutes, during which we heard peals of merry laughter issuing from the kitchen, accompanied by a good-looking young woman of some twenty-two or twenty-three summers, whose bright, black eyes, and dark but ruddy cheeks, seemed to announce that the air of the Esterelles must be highly salubrious.

This we found was the younger daughter of the landlord of the inn, she and an elder sister assisting their father and forming the whole household. Both the daughters were acquainted with the path to the summit, and were accustomed to act as guides as occasion required; but the younger was the better-looking of the two, and she and the young lieutenant seemed on such good terms that I immediately suspected it was not the first time he had seen her, and that his alacrity in offering to procure us our guide was not quite so disinterested as I had at first supposed, but that the desire to have the company of the pretty Marguerite might have had some influence in quickening his zeal. Indeed, he half admitted as much when we taxed him with it, and informed us that he had made her acquaintance when his regiment, some time before, on arriving at Toulon from Rome, where they had formed a part of the French army of occupation, was on its way from the former port to Antibes. They marched across the Esterelles, and stopped a few hours, for their noonday-halt, at the plateau on which the inn stands, where the landlord and his two daughters had been most attentive to the wants of the officers. He was certainly not sorry for an opportunity of renewing the acquaintance, nor did it seem to us that the young girl listened without pleasure to the gay remarks and complimentary speeches of the gallant soldier. But has it not always been thus? From time immemorial, has not Mars been always welcome in the court of Venus?

Be that, however, as it may, it did not prevent Marguerite from a faithful performance of her duty on the present occasion; and she led the way, closely followed by the lieutenant, across walls and ditches, through brambles and brushwood, over loose stones and rocks, up steep and sometimes precipitous ascents, with a sure and steady foot, and at a rate which made it difficult sometimes for the most active to keep up with her.

For a good part of the way there seemed to be no regular and well-defined path, or, if there were one, she disdained to use it; she seemed to find her way by a sort of instinct which never failed her, and so we went on, blindly following her lead, in scattering files, until, after some two hours' steady and toilsome climbing, the peak which was the object of our excursion came in sight, but still at some distance.

It was marked by a large pile of stones—a sort of cairn—on the top of which had been secured a wooden cross, some six or seven feet in height; and, the moment this was distinguished, a general rush was made for the spot by all who were near enough to compete for the honor of arriving first at the summit.

It had been, for some time before, a neck-and-neck race between three of the party—an Englishman and an American, who were both small but active men, and the Tipperary farmer, who was fully six

feet high; and at this moment the American was leading, closely followed by the Irishman, while the Englishman made a good third. The Irishman was plying his long legs with a most praiseworthy activity; but the American was determined to win, and, as he had the lead, and the narrowness and steepness of the path made it a difficult thing to pass him, it seemed likely that he would gain the prize.

But who can withstand his fate? At the very last moment, when within some twenty feet of the cross, the son of Erin took advantage of a short cut at a turning which the American in his eagerness had overlooked, and, with a sort of Derby rush, and a few strides of his long legs, managed to head his opponent off, and to arrive first at the top.

Here every one was glad enough to sit or lie down on the stones around, to breathe a little, while feasting his eyes on the glorious panorama which opened out below on every side. It is true that in some respects the view was not so fine as that enjoyed from much lower ground, where the details were more perceptible, and the eye could rest with more pleasure on single objects; but the panorama was much more extensive, taking in a view of many points which were quite imperceptible from below. The city of Nice, some thirty miles and more distant, was plainly visible, with all the country behind and around. Grasse, with the mountain-range which bounds it, Cannes and Cannel, with their numerous villas and chateaux, were, of course, within easy range. On the west side of the mountain were discernible the bay of Fréjus and the hills which surround Hyères and Toulon, while all around the eye rested on a confused mass of mountain-peaks and hills, some covered with luxuriant foliage, while others were bare and rocky. The sea appeared perfectly calm, as far as could be judged from such an elevation, and the numerous craft whose white sails were dotting it in different directions looked like the little vessels that one sometimes sees on the miniature lake of a gentleman's park or pleasure-grounds.

We had hoped to be able to distinguish the snowy peaks of the mountains of Corsica, but were disappointed in this, as there were some clouds in that direction, and the position of the sun was such as to dazzle rather than aid the sight.

About twenty of our party had started from the inn for the purpose of scaling Mont Vinaigre; but there were only some seven or eight who persevered until the summit was reached. The others had dropped off from time to time, and were scattered here and there in the woods below, where we could hear their cries and vociferations.

After remaining on the top until we were well rested and our curiosity was fully gratified, we commenced our descent. Here every one shifted for himself or herself, and took whichever course his fancy suggested. Indeed, our guide was nowhere to be seen, and, as the young lieutenant had disappeared as well, we concluded he had found some occupation more attractive than that of gazing at the beauty of the panorama of Mont Vinaigre. However, this gave us no uneasiness. Taking the bearings of where our inn ought to be from the summit, we plunged boldly into the brushwood, and, sliding, jumping, sometimes falling, but always advancing, occasionally tearing our clothes with the brambles, and cutting our shoes among the sharp-pointed rocks, we all arrived at last in safety at the rendezvous appointed.

Here a sight awaited us, of a different nature, it is true, from that which had greeted us on the summit of Mont Vinaigre, but of a kind which had peculiar attractions to tired and hungry pedestrians. Those of our party who had not attempted the ascent of the mountain had made themselves useful by unpacking the baskets and arranging their varied contents in a manner which showed at the same time their experience in such matters and their thoughtful attention to the wants of their absent friends. With excellent taste, they had forsaken the dark and dingy rooms of the inn for the purer air of the outside. A long table had been laid under the spreading branches of an old oak which stood close to the door, and there, having borrowed of the host the necessary utensils for eating and drinking, they were awaiting our arrival with a feast worthy of Lucullus himself. At one end of the table stood a gigantic *potée*, whose swelling sides announced a well-garnished interior; at the other end a noble-looking ham was doing *vis-à-vis*, and seemed to say, as plainly as possible, "Here I am, waiting to be eaten;" while down the two sides dishes of cold chickens, tongues, Bologna sausages, sardines in oil, and other niceties, gave evidence of the provident thoughtfulness of our Cannes host. Not was there any want of something good to wash down such generous

food; for, ranged along the table like sentinels, was placed a number of bottles whose labels and seals were as familiar as "household words."

I need hardly say with what alacrity each guest took his place at the table, nor need I describe the rapidity with which solids and liquids disappeared under the vigorous attack then commenced. It was unanimously voted that the air of the Esterelles was eminently conducive to appetite, and that never had any thing tasted half so good as upon that occasion.

The stories told, the songs sung, the puns and jokes, were endless; and, though the company was composed of persons of widely-differing nationalities, they seemed quite united on that occasion in the determination to enjoy themselves to the utmost.

At length, some of the papas and mammas insisted that it was time to think of returning, and the merry party was obliged to adjourn to the carriages once more.

The drive home was accomplished without accident or adventure of any kind; but it was long before the remembrance was effaced, from any member of the party, of that pleasant "Picnic among the Esterelles."

## FIRESIDES AND HEARTHSTONES.

IN the "Table-Talk" of APPLETON'S JOURNAL, I came of late upon the following sentence: "Firesides and hearthstones are things of the past, and with their departure have gone nearly all the best charms of a winter-home."

Though true generally of the North, this observation does not apply to the South, especially to the plantations and farmsteads of the interior, from the middle counties of Georgia and the Carolinas to the mountains of West Virginia and Tennessee.

Over that vast region, as a general rule, including the villages and smaller towns, the bright old fashion of ample chimney-breadths, open hearthstones, and blazing wood-fires, continues to prevail. Huge logs of oak and hickory are the staple fuel of the mountaineers, who, whether farmers or hunters, derive, we venture to say, more of cheer and comfort therefrom (though housed in the rudest cabin) than can be found in the most luxurious home, "over the hot air of a register, or by the burnt iron of a stove." It is, however, among the middle districts of the Southern States, and precisely in those localities which, to the casual observer, appear most lonely, impoverished, and repulsive, that Nature, as if in compensation for the barrenness of the soil, furnishes a species of fuel as royal in its abundance as it is beneficent in its health-giving and heat-producing qualities. We allude, of course, to the resinous light-wood logs, and the yet more valuable light-wood knots, which, charred by accidental fires that have decimated the forests into an outward hardness, will burn for hours with a steady, unintermittent glow, equally charming to the eye and comfortable to the invigorated blood. These light-wood knots piled among limbs of the dried gum-tree, as *pièces de résistance*, will produce a home-fire, of rare colored sparklings, but equable warmth, before which the daintiest *habitués* of a palace might rub their hands with a new sense of physical enjoyment, while to the hunter benighted by canebrakes, or on desolate uplands, such a fire is at once home, and wife, children, neighbors, and hearty social enjoyment.

"I've seed the times," said one of this class to us, "when I'd jist have stretched out like and died, but for them knots, black and nasty as they look a' top! Try a turkey-hunt among the 'Barrens,' and find yourself with nothin' for company but the sleet and rain comin' down like rips, and the sun sot for an hour an' more, and you'll know, onst for all, there's no friend so bully as the fat and resin inside a pine-knot! Lord! I've slept curled up like a coon, fast and comfortable, the blessed night through, with sich a downpour as never you heerd on, all by help of a thunderin' big knot a Noah's flood couldn't have put out!"

But, after all, the fires we have described appear to most advantage when roaring up some cottage chimney, and painting rude, ruddy arabesques along the roof and walls.

As December's twilight deepens, the farmer, let us say of the Georgia pine-barrens, or the remoter hill country, gathers his wife and children about him on a hearth of mammoth proportions, and, having added a back-log to the already well-furnished "dogs," and seen that

a caldron of bacon and collards is bubbling on the coals, takes his clay pipe, loaded with leaf-tobacco (the first whiff whereof would knock a Broadway dandy, as the printers say, "into pi"), and begins his evening's meditations in a spirit of sweet benevolence and goodwill toward all mankind.

Probably those meditations are not profound. They rest lovingly for an instant on the check, just received from his factor in Augusta, representing the sum for which his three bales of inferior cotton had been sold; ranging thence to the condition of the penned hogs fattening for Christmas, and the beautiful litter of pigs his favorite sow had borne him in the most opportune and obliging manner. Ten to one, a couple of these juvenile grunTERS may be whisking their black and white tails along the floor, and adding a note, scarcely harmonious, to the treble cries or laughter of the farmer's infants.

The "gude wife," in her corner, knits with placid perseverance, saying never a word, with a pipe between her lips, just two degrees smaller than her husband's, but stuffed with the same powerful tobacco; while the elder daughter labors cheerily at the loom, anxious to "turn out" some stuff of marvellous dyes that shall win for her the admiring envy of a score of bosom friends.

And mean time the flames crackle and glow, scintillate and sing many a homely ditty, suggestive to our farmer's thought of his days of courtship, long ago, and of the buxom lass—now a gray-haired matron opposite—who, in the light of just such a fire as the present, turned her blushing cheek to the wall as she plighted her simple troth. Anon, a sharp, steely glint in the flame may bring back to him the camp-fires of the Shenandoah and the Rappahannock, with memories of the lonely bivouac, the perilous picket-post, and the comrade whose dead face he scanned by a rude light like this.

It is to the solitary scholar, however, exiled from the keen life of cities, that the wood-fire, whether of pine knot or hickory, is indeed a beloved "familiar." It stands him in the stead of literary clubs, and *réunions*, of intellectual attrition of every conceivable description, of the superb acting of Booth, and the sweet singing of Nilsson, of a hundred enjoyments which to the least exacting of cockneys have become the bare necessities of existence.

The flames talk to him, whisper to him, and take him into their confidence, by signs and tokens known only to the initiated; they curl about his fancy with warm, loving caresses, lulling the burdens of weird ballads, and lingering, with a subtle trill upon long-forgotten melodies, about the polar regions of the heart, those realms which disappointments, wrong, deceit, have frozen over and made hard and sterile; they act with the soft, melting power of spring sunshine, and chill barrenness of sentiment gives place to the cordialities of benevolence and peace. Then how prolific are these flames in picturesque suggestion! From the moral to the fanciful they pass by a subtle legerdemain, building up for him great capitals his mortal eyes have never beheld, Paris and London, Rome and Constantinople, "Grand Cairo" and legion-crowned Damascus, or they reproduce, with yet more sudden transformation, all the ideal beings, "creatures of the elements," wherewith he is familiar, from the Pucks and Oberons of Shakespeare, to the grotesque monsters of Oriental story.

And so, finally, with both imagination and soul kindled and melted by turns, he is led, *summo gradu*, to the highest vantage-ground of wisdom, from which serene elevation the factitious and conventional are dwarfed to their true proportions, and stripped of their unreal charms.

Impetuous is the scholar; solitary, as we have hinted; perchance an exile; but out from the shimmering depths of his pine-knot fire emerges a fairy, spirit, half-embodied salamander—whatever thou wilt—who addresses him in the quaint language of old Robert Burton:

"Poor art thou!—why, the poorer thou art, the happier thou art! 'dittor est, at non melior,' saith Epictetus—he is richer, not better, than thou; not so free from envy, lust, ambition!

"Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,  
Paterna rura bobus exercet aula."

"Happy he who is freed from the tumults of the world, who seeks no honors, gapes after no preferments, flatters not, envies not, temporizes not, but lives privately, well contented with his estate!

"Nec spes corde avidas, nec curam pascit inanem,  
Securus quod fata cadant."

"He is not troubled with state-matters, whether kingdoms thrive better by succession or election; whether monarchies should be mixed,



temperate or absolute; the house of Ottomans and Austria" (France or Germany!) "is all one to him. He is not touched with fears of invasion, factions, or emulations.

"In brief:

"A happy soul, and like to God Himself,  
Whom not vain-glory macerates, or strife,  
Or wicked joys of that proud swelling self—  
But leads a still, poor, and contented life!"

Shall we not take these words to heart, and profit thereby? Surely the ghost of "Democritus Junior," that hath taken the trouble to leave its quiet tomb in the north aisle of Christ Church, Oxford, and to insinuate itself in the shape of an elementary spirit (though "*vox, et preterea nihil*") from out the embers of our wood-fire, deserves to be entreated with tender consideration.

Still, we are free to confess that, without the "fireside and hearthstone," poverty would prove well-nigh unendurable, and the above philosophical language would be to us but windy words. Before some narrow grate in an attic of the city, sparsely furnished with coal, hard as adamant, over which the thin blue flames curled viciously like shadowy fingers of malignant ghosts, we should hold "Democritus Junior," and "Democritus Senior," too, as mere hypocrites, emerged, "*ex faucibus Erebi*," to deceive mankind!

Nor, sooth to say, can we imagine the richest denizen of the Fifth Avenue as open to fair impressions, philosophical or otherwise, with his "registers" and air-tight stoves, and a feverish, unnatural atmosphere of the tropics within-doors, while the northeasters rave without, and a fragment of arctic sky seems to have slid somehow from the poles to freeze Manhattan into a huge iceberg!

In the banishment of the open fireplace, a severe if not fatal blow has been aimed at domestic concord, no less than domestic comfort. The *penates*, gods and guardians of household love, can exist but feebly, if the hearthstone be abolished.

Fancy those semi-divinities, in their honest simplicity of taste, brought into contact with the dull-red, steamy surfaces of your modern stove, and gasping the hot-house air, destructive to all natural things and creatures!

Where, in the absence of the frank-hearted flames, is a large family to assemble in the evenings, to exchange those charming confidences, which are the *soul* of household life and affection? The most luxurious apartment looks dull, deprived of the Ariel-artist of fire—that gay sprite who dances athwart the walls, paints the velvet cheek of beauty with a softer blush, moulds into gentler lines the care-worn face of manhood, and over the silvered hairs of age glimmers like a transient, but sacred aureole.

And what is the inevitable consequence?

ENNI rules the hour and the place! Young men begin to view such "evenings at home" as a bore; young ladies, as a weariness to the spirit. *Paterfamilias* nods over his *Post*, and our lady-mother drearily dreams of the conquests of her first season, and involuntarily compares that awkward, heavy, white-whiskered millionaire by the table with the young Apollo to whom once she was disposed to give her virgin heart!

But the children, perhaps, suffer most from the fact "that firesides and hearthstones are" (in cities, at least) "things of the past." Instinctively a child delights in the shifting brightness of fire! The flames are his earliest toys, and he revels in the luminous wonder with an abandon of joy it is beautiful to see. Let us suppose, for example, it is a clear, cold Christmas-morning in the country. The cottager's family are assembled, shortly after sunrise, around his Brobdignagian chimney, furnished with a "yule-log," such as grows

"On Alleghanian ridges seen afar,  
A monarch crowned with his imperial star,  
Against the crimson where the sun hath set"—

and beneath it the indispensable "knots" crackle and flash like a salvo of Chinese fireworks; and the great, hearty flames roll upward with a rush and volume not to be resisted, while over those joyous faces, from the urchin of twelve to the tiniest ranks of the infantry, there is such a flush of health and irradiation of fine spirits, that the sight of it would melt, for a moment, even the malignant soul of a Quilp or a Grider! Those urchins are, one and all, firm believers in Santa Claus. Has not each his stocking, wherefrom an hour ago he drew—as from a veritable cornucopia—what to him, in his simplicity, is an ample fortune?

And now, amid the buzz of merry voices, the door opens, and the farmer himself appears, a huge silver tankard in hand (sole relic of

wealthier days), frothing over with egg-nog—rich and yellow as gold—the contents of which are distributed, in due proportion, to the members of the eager little circle.

Or if the tankard should be imprudently trusted to their hands, we shall mark it presently undergoing the fate of the enchanted drinking-cup, described in an ancient ballad:

"Some shed it on their shoulder,  
Some shed it on their thigh,  
And he that did not hit his mouth,  
Was sure to hit his eye!"

Where, nowadays, in our large cities, can a picture like this present itself? Are not the city-children too often prematurely-wise little men and women, who scout the notion of Santa Claus, and scorn all the sweet, innocent superstitions of the past, affecting the ways and manners of their elders with a most questionable precocity? Alas! the abolition of "the fireside and hearthstone" is alone answerable for this melancholy condition of things! With no bright centre of domestic enjoyment and companionship, the ties of family are first loosened and then broken. People learn to depend upon outside excitement, to seek—according to sex—the billiard or the ballroom. The juvenile community is neglected by its proper teachers and protectors; in a word, the entire household becomes disjointed and disorganized; and finally, for aught we can tell, the "domesticities" will vanish altogether, and the idea of the "family" be ranked among the fossil conceptions of a long-forgotten age!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

## BREAKFAST-FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A S Owen Meredith sings—

"We may live without love—what is passion but pining?—  
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

And who, be he ever so far removed from the gross and the sensual, has not, in some hour of his life, felt this truth? The poet does not merely iterate the fact that we must eat, in order to live; he implies, also, that we cannot be thoroughly happy, unless we take pleasure in dining. Many a man of worth besides him—if precedent is wanted—has not scrupled to throw his whole soul into his palate at the dinner-hour. Is it likely, for example, that Thackeray, who trifles with such delicate relish over even the "Reminiscences of a Gormandizer," sneered at the actual banquets which gave origin to those reminiscences? For myself, I revere that instinct of my nature which prompts me to enjoy my dinner. "Enough is as good as a feast," saith the old saw; and, howsoever delectable the healthy enjoyment of one's dinner may be, it is yet possible to carry it too far. Among our own people, for example, a tendency has arisen to inaugurate each day with a meal not unbecomingly styled, by Sala, a "morning dinner." The nature and aim of dinner, however, are essentially different from those of breakfast; and it is the ignoring of this difference, and the consequent abortion of the matutinal repast, which form the gist and mainspring of the dissertation before the reader.

The feast of reason thus occasioned we will take, if you please, in three courses—the first treating of breakfast as it should be, the second of breakfasts as they are, and the third pointing the moral. "Aha!" exclaims the acute reader, "there is to be a moral!" Yes, my dear sir; let me metaphorically rub my hands in deprecation, and acknowledge that there is to be a moral. But, in truth, it is not my fault. There is a moral to every thing under the sun—many morals, but little morality. However, the railroad-crossing sign is known to all. The bell has rung: look out for—

But our first course is cooling, while I stand prosing behind my chair. Come, let us fall to!

To begin with, then, we will strike at the root of our subject by deriving the meaning of the word breakfast, and thence the law which shapes it to a healthful perfection. Summon the prisoner into the dock. Breakfast—is he dight?—a fine subject for examination, carrying his whole story in his face! Cross-questioning him by the insertion of a hyphen, you have him exposed. Break-fast! he stands convicted. But, to strengthen the evidence, we may as well call up yonder sturdy German Frühstück, who stands simply for "early morsel." Now, combining these two bits of easy information, we seem to evolve the true character of the day's first meal. Its aim, then, is

to break the long fast of the night; its limit is affixed by the word "morsel."

Such is the ideal breakfast. But let us take a cursory view of the actual forms of breakfast, as compared with this their common prototype.

In this we would seem naturally led first to the French, whose custom, in the world of fashion, is as law. The fitting hour for breakfasting was doubtless prompted, in primitive times, by the natural demand of an unperverted appetite, after a night of temperate and healthy sleep. Your Frenchman, however, has a disposition to replace various clumsy arrangements in the order of Nature with certain brilliant contrivances of his own—a tendency well illustrated in the case of the Parisian painter who retired disgusted from out-door study, declaring that *Nature did not manage her greens well*. With a contempt for Nature in no degree inferior to this, the artists of the *cuisine* have caused a *déjeuner à la fourchette* to supersede that superannuated absurdity, the natural breakfast. Their artifice is, as every one knows, thus contrived: A polite cup of coffee, on rising, staves off the rude and ill-bred importunities of hunger until noon, when, lo! a luncheon, most elastic in its proportions, embracing varied viands, pastries, and wine, concludes a dignified treaty with the belligerent. Beyond doubt, this is elegant and *de ton*; but it jars with our theory of breakfast, deduced from its name, and, by consequence, from the natural law which underlies it. The French breakfast is, however, a logical consequence of late hours, and in assailing it we attack the vital—or, rather, mortiferous—principle of life *à la mode*.

Next-door neighbors to these awful Gauls, the Germans are the most primitive of all in their division of eating. Their dinner remains, as its name implies, a "noonday-eating;" their supper, an "evening-bread." As for breakfast, it consists of coffee and bread, being sometimes embellished with an egg, or the delicacy of honey. This, then, is as yet the nearest approach to our ideal breakfast. Were we to search from Calpe unto Caucasus, perhaps we should find nothing more consonant with it.

Having tested its merits for some years, I embrace it as one of the regenerators of overeaten mankind. And, besides its healthful influence in general, this sobriety at the breakfast-hour tends to cultivate a refined and natural taste. Even so sensual a sense as that of the palate should be carefully developed in the perfect man—not enslaved to the products of any culinary school, but subordinated to the rational faculty. The German breakfast offers just enough to still the biting edge of appetite without surfeiting the taste, and can thus compress from one *bonne bouche* as much enjoyment as from the richest banquet spread before Luxury and Satiety.

Crossing the Channel (hastily, for it is a region utterly subversive of reflections on the matter in hand), we enter Albion on our quest with sharp sea-appetite. Take this seat on the other side of the table, and we will try an English breakfast together. "Breakfast!" you exclaim. Ah! you hardly recognize the meal as belonging to that species. And you are right; for an air of solid comfort enfolds Britannia's breakfast-board, which makes one feel as if he fed on twice as much as is the fact. There steams, with solemn murmur, the massy tea-urn; there, in the centre, looms the mystic circular dish without which no well-regulated table is spread in England—the tripod throne of English muffins—fed from beneath with flame which the butler, as officiating seer, dresses with reverent care. A tasteful platter of some light meat graces the feast—usually a little row of chops, that once frolicked on the famed South Downs. Moreover, as a connecting link are introduced knotted loaves of robust British bread, and prim files of inevitable toast in little silver stands. "A tolerably-substantial morsel," remarks the pensive peruser of these notes. It does seem, indeed, to lend our ideal an all-too-palpable embodiment. But, after all, the Briton does not break his fast heavily. He eats substantially, but briefly; and, besides, the climate in which he lives must also be considered. It is heavy and oppressive, and seems to demand stout fare. But, whatever be the physical cause, our cousins seem to thrive on this *régime*, and result is the best monitor of practice.

But we think otherwise. Or, do we think at all? or, if at all, enough? Our forefathers, who had Plymouth Rock to reach, and forests primeval to cultivate, had also good reason to develop a breakfast of the most substantial kind. So have our tillers of the soil, to-day. But we, who inhabit cities, and do not occupy ourselves with the appetizing employment of drowning witches and whipping culprits,

have nevertheless imported into our metropolitan life the breakfasts of the farm and the frontier. The farmer or manual laborer scarcely eats as heartily as the city merchant or the lawyer. Men of these latter occupations, breathing the feeble air of streets—strong only in one sense—seldom exercising in their daily round more than the brain and the fingers, require as robust a nourishment as the working-man who is developing the body in many directions at once! And not only in theory, but in fact, is this illogical relation of things disastrous. For the merchant and the lawyer, overworking their stomachs, reduce their whole physical machinery to dangerous weakness. The brain, however, is subject to an unremitting demand, and this protracted intellectual strain on enfeebled physiques insures unsatisfactory lives, if not premature deaths.

Let me not be suspected of too great zeal in assigning such dire effects to a cause apparently so trivial. Jerrold says, with much truth, that "troubles are like babies, and grow with nursing." In no case is this so well exemplified as in that of the pseudo-reformer, brooding over his pet evil. It may be that your humble servant is a living monument of this wholesome truth. Yet I admit that the ills I have depicted, and the equivocal glory of being a nation of dyspeptics, owe their origin to more than this one source. But it is foreign to the contents of this paper to discuss other than this. The representative American, though he be a temperance-man, is intemperate in the consumption of ice-cold water, and, if not of ice-water, he is accustomed to brace his appetite before breakfast with some drink guiltless of the crystal fluid, and, after breakfast, to unbrace it, as a useless thing that has served its turn, by a succession of braced beverages, until it reaches such an ebb that it must be again braced for the next succeeding meal. Whether these customs appertain to breakfast, I leave to the inference of the individual reader.

In a great measure, however, the national stomach and digestive organ could be relieved by our assimilation of the German breakfast. The experiment in little, at least, has saved the digestion of one American, and could be extended to a like work of salvation for all others.

The light instalment of food which it allows leaves the stomach placid and the brain clear; hunger has been appeased without being crushed by sheer weight of rich or heavy comestibles. This is, of course, in accordance with the true principle of breakfast. Morning is the fitting time for work, when the brain brings its accumulated force from the refreshment of sleep to the day's task. To clog it, then, by overstraining the digestion, is a fault of economy unworthy the labor-saving spirit of our age.

There arises, also, a question of the morality of such over-indulgence before working-hours, which might easily be expanded to another chapter. Self-indulgence in general is the bane of our national life. It enfeebles each generation in turn more and more, lowering the moral and mental standard of our youth. The end of this is not difficult to foretell—"he who runs may read."

The habit of light breakfasting brings another improvement in its train, entailing, as it must, an early dinner; and thus we are a second time rescued from undigested woe, by one timely though difficult self-denying precaution. When the brunt of the day's business is over, one can afford to relax a little; one can enjoy without harm a little indulgence, and warm the heart with a savory dinner and a glass of wine.

But, in introducing this breakfast *as nature*, I am well aware that I have not to do with the black-broth Spartans of old, and that I broach the abrogation of many delicate attractions and soft ravishments of the morning-meal, which will not be resigned without a murmur. Yon dusky wealth of baked potatoes fades from the vista of the future breakfast, shrouded in a sheet of its own wreathing steam. No more the swift relays of buckwheat-cakes shall "chase the glowing hours with flying feet." The banquet shrinks from courses of fish and viand and varied legumes to the frugality of the Teuton. A multitude, in short, of indigenous and indigestible dishes will die with the custom which produced them, and become "portions and parcels of the dreadful past." That branch of culinary art, indeed, devoted to the composition of breakfast-pieces, will languish and disappear. Against regrets based on these irretrievable losses, I can avail nothing; their objections root in the heart—mine but spring from the unsympathetic intellect. But to those who have essayed the change, or shall hereafter, persuasion were superfluous.

GEORGE P. LATHROP.

## TABLE-TALK.

AN attempt is often made to draw a distinction between politicians and statesmen. No difference exists between the original meaning of those words, and very little difference, we apprehend, can be discovered between men arbitrarily classified under them. "A politician," says a recent writer on this subject, "is a man who thinks of the next election, while the statesman thinks of the next generation." If this is true, then a statesman is a Mrs. Jellyby in trousers, and the sooner he withdraws his regards from such remote object of his care, the better for us and our descendants. The next generation will be born of this generation. Its prosperity and general well-being will be the natural products of the prosperity and general well-being of the generation that preceded it. This fact may relieve all our Mrs. Jellyby statesmen of any particular care for the future. Whatever good for the country they may be able to promote now, will be sure to bear ample fruit for the good of the country hereafter, and let this content them. The writer from whom we have quoted can name but very few public men, past or present, who have not been concerned in the triumph of their party, or who have been identified with any real advance in the principles of government. Politicians and statesmen ("handy-dandy, change places, which is the statesman? which the politician?") have often a profound knowledge of the administration of affairs; but absolute principles are conceived and set forth by quite another class of men. Adam Smith, in his closet, worked out the laws of the "Wealth of Nations," and the fundamental principles there laid down not only were never conceived by either politician or statesman, but to this day remain most imperfectly understood by public men the world over. Buckle goes so far as to tell us that legislation—and legislation has been sometimes in the hands of men who may be called statesmen—has never accomplished any good whatever, excepting the negative good of undoing the evil this year it wrought last year. The history of government is the history of blunders, mistakes, and ignorance. To regulate a thousand things that should not be regulated, to ceaselessly set up principles that philosophers (not statesmen) have discovered to be radically false, has been the history of statesmanship pretty nearly from the beginning. Almost, for instance, up to the present hour statesmen have acted upon the idea that to impoverish neighboring nations was to enrich their own. Within five years we've seen a whole Congress attempt such an infatuated thing as the regulation of the price of a commodity like gold. True statesmanship, we imagine, is very little more than a negation. The larger the range of matters from which it withholds its regulating hand, the better usually will it perform its functions. To maintain peace, to preserve order, to establish justice, are its primary duties. Government, it is true, does go a little further; but whatever is attempted beyond these simple principles should be undertaken cautiously. An organized public education may be within its mission; and whatever it does in promoting the

ends of art, science, or education, even if there is a stretch of its power, is likely to do good, and cannot easily do harm. But the importance of this high-sounding statesmanship is very much overrated. The world has managed to get along tolerably well in despite of its blunders, and this is pretty much all that can be said in its favor. Let the history of civilization bear witness to the truth of what we say. Wise rulers can always do good by preventing foolish legislation, and this is about all that statesmen can do more than your politicians.

— Mr. J. Hain Friswell has just published, in London, a work he modestly entitles "Modern Men of Letters honestly Criticised." This assumption that his criticism possesses a character distinctive from that usually offered the public might well awaken suspicion; and our readers will not be surprised to learn that these "honest criticisms" are for the most part marked by savage hostility. Mr. Tennyson, for instance, "has been a very discreet and a very good court poet, for a manufactured article none better." Anthony Trollope's will not live; "no one can care for the faint and obscure outlines and the colorless sort of wool with which Mr. Trollope weaves his human and his faded tapestry." But Mr. Friswell is not only "honest" in criticism, he is very piquant in his personalities. Of Tennyson he says: "Look at his photograph. Deep-browed, but not deep-lined; bald, but not gray; with a dark disappointment and little hopeful feeling on his face; with hair unkempt, heaped up in the carriage of his shoulders, and with his figure covered with a tragic cloak, the Laureate is portrayed, gloomily peering from two ineffective and not very lustrous eyes, a man of sixty, looking more like a worn and a more feeling man of fifty. His skin is sallow, his whole physique not jovial nor red, like Shakespeare and Dickens, but lachrymose and saturnine." Of Disraeli we learn that "you can see him near Grosvenor gate walking in the sunshine, an old man who looks older than he is, bent down, with his hands behind his back, thoughtful, sallow, his face lined with care. You can see him, too, after a triumph in the House, youthful almost, very good-natured, genial and wise-looking with a tender face, and a statesman-like look, a worthy chief to follow." Bulwer is served up with the most highly seasoned "honesty" that could be wished. We are not only told of his "thrice-damnable highwaymen stories," but regaled with the following piquant description of Lord Lytton's personality: "Walking, let us say, up the hall of the Freemasons, at a Literary Fund Dinner, there is a gentleman, rather feeble, doddering, a Cousin Fenix, with tumbled hair, a face rouged, flushed, a noble forehead and high aristocratic nose, a gentleman unmistakably, a gentleman with the 'true nobleman look' that you do not find one man in a thousand has, and of which Pope spoke. He is not very strong this gentleman, and has a scared kind of stare—that, indeed, of a student out in the world. In this living face, and in photographs from it, there is a suspicion that it is 'got up' to what its owner thinks its best; that Pelham would be younger than he is. Vain struggle with Time; what gentle

wagoner can put a 'skid' on his wheel when he is going down hill, or 'with a finger stay Ixion's wheel,' as Keats has it? Look at the hair brushed forward and manipulated, the eyebrows, whiskers, and hair somewhat darkened, the mustache and imperial! The whole look of the man has just the clever *artistry*—not insincerity, for Lord Lytton is a true man—which is the little bit of bad taste which has prevented its master from being the very first in his rank." Of Mr. Swinburne we are told that he "has a young, unripe, and not very healthy look," supplied with "that pallor which accompanies red hair"—that "his chief and most high works are but mocking songs of the atheist that erst might have been sung in Sodom, and lascivious hymns to Adonis that might fitly have been howled in Gomorrah."

— It is often surprising with what persistence the burnt child will return to the fire. As many times as critics and theatre-goers have experienced the incoherent absurdities of what is called "American comedy," we still find them returning with patience and ever-recurring hope to each new dramatic attempt of this character. It was almost certain before the curtain went up on the new comedy of "Saratoga," at Mr. Daly's theatre, what sort of extravagant nonsense would be served up as comedy, and yet there were many hopeful people gathered at the theatre, on its first representation, with the vague hope that something was at last to be done in the way of true American comedy. But the title of the play ought to have been a sufficient warning. Who writes of Saratoga, or Long Branch, or Newport, without at once assuming that the manners of that place are fast; that slang, pretension, vulgarity, parvenuism, intrigue, and imbecility, are the sole characteristics of American pleasure-seekers? And what comedy-writer of the slightest originality would venture upon the old, wearisome, and long-since detestable ground? One experienced in American comedies had only to read the play-bill of "Saratoga" to forecast the whole performance. How remarkable it is that men can essay to write comedies without apparently the slightest knowledge of what comedy means! A comedy, according to traditional notions, is a picture of manners and a reflex of society. But a comedy, according to the ideas of American dramatists, is a burlesque of manners and a *mélange* of farcical incident. That a comedy as a work of art should have a sane and coherent story, and humorous, of course, but probable and pertinent incidents, seems never to enter the ideal of our native stage-writers. That it should contain real people, and not purely eccentric inventions, and, while justly attempting the satire of social follies, should depict and not imagine the objects of its wit, are also theories that are entainted apparently by everybody but dramatists. "Saratoga" has the merit of not being dull. Its succession of absurd and impossible incidents serve to amuse indiscriminating audiences, and so the manager's purpose is in one way answered. But, in the name of art, do let the man who next attempts to write an American play have some sort of conception of his task. Don't let him imagine that a jumble of incidents, a



collection of men and women, and a profusion of slang, make a comedy.

— Pertinent to this matter of American comedy, arises the question, whether satire, if a legitimate, is the best expression of dramatic art. "Shooting folly as it flies" has at all times been the occupation of the dramatists, but we imagine that ordinarily the effect of this is to make us like the sport rather than hate the game. The manners of a people are more likely to be improved by good than by quizzical examples. Are not such comedies as the recent English ones very much better teachers than even such wit and satire as Sheridan's? Gossip, we imagine, flourished none the less abundantly because of "The School for Scandal." We are apt, in satirical comedy, to be a good deal more amused in seeing how our neighbor is hit than in taking the lesson home to ourselves. Both in the theatre and the church we are prone to industriously hand over the application of every censure to somebody else, and to wonder why other people do not reform under such excellent admonitions. But pleasing examples of virtue reach the heart subtly, almost unconsciously, and insensibly, perhaps, but really prompt the nature to better things by enlisting its sympathies on the right side. Good manners and good taste are contagious, and so are good sentiments. The virtues that were dramatically spouted at the spectator in the old-fashioned sentimental comedies became almost detestable. But the fine social qualities that are quietly depicted in the realistic and yet tasteful comedies of the new English school exalt and refine the spectator. The pleasing pictures of life in these comedies; their delightful home interiors; their agreeable men and women; their tone of good breeding; all these give to them not only a supreme charm, but a moral mission. Instead of American comedy-writers ceaselessly holding up for the example of our young people pictures of fast girls, with slang upon their lips, rouge upon their cheeks, and boldness in their faces and manner, why not try the delineation of some pure and true types of American womanhood? Let our dramatists select for once the best and most agreeable phases of our native life for dramatic delineation. This need not exclude wit nor piquancy; it would require a little invention perhaps, and a little art, and a little knowledge; but, if the dramatist has not these things, let him stop writing altogether. The artistic presentation of our happier domestic life would excite surprise, for it is quite unknown to the drama, awaken not a few pleasurable emotions in the hearts of those who believe that culture, and dignity, and "simple faith," are as often found in American life as elsewhere, and, in supplying right examples of life and character, serve to elevate the public taste.

### Literary Notes.

A NEW European Guide-book has just been issued by D. Appleton & Co., which is comprehensive, compact, and as accurate as the utmost care could make it. It is a guide to England, Scotland, and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Northern and Southern Ger-

many, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. It contains a map of Europe, and nine other maps, with plans of twenty of the principal cities, and one hundred and twenty engravings. "In the preparation of this guide-book," says the preface, "the author has sought to give, within the limits of a single portable volume, all the information necessary to enable the tourist to find his way, without difficulty, from place to place, and to see the objects best worth seeing, throughout such parts of Europe as are generally visited by American and English travellers. With few exceptions, the author has travelled over the routes he has described, and has given the results of his own *bona-fide* researches."

A new Russian periodical was announced for publication on the 1st of January (Russian style), 1871, at St. Petersburg, its contributors to be principally women. Its title is, "An Illustrated Edition of Translations of the best Foreign Authors," and the first part was to contain versions of Mr. Smiles's "Biography of Working Men," by S. Vielozerski; of Palgrave's "Travels in Arabia," by Anna Budkiewicz; two of the Erekman-Chatrion tales, by Vera Erakoff; and "On London Labor and London Poor," by the editress, under the name of M. Vavciok.

"The Victory of the Vanquished, a Story of the First Century," is the title of a new novel, by the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family." As the title implies, this story is of the primitive Christians—a field calculated to tax the best skill of a novelist; but the genius that succeeded so well in the delineation of the period of Luther could with safety venture in this more remote but perhaps not more difficult epoch. Dodd & Mead are the American publishers.

A useful little manual is "What to Read, and How to Read," a classified list of books in each department of study, with hints and suggestions to the reader. The lists are divided into first class, second class, and third class, which arrangement enables the reader to take up first the most important in any series, and continue at his option with the subsidiary volumes. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

At a recent meeting of the Philological Society, lately formed at Oxford, says the London *Athenæum*, a proposal was brought forward to introduce into the university the Continental pronunciation of Latin, which has already been adopted at several of our public schools. The proposal, which was supported by the professor of Latin and the rector of Lincoln, was referred to a committee for consideration.

The year 1871 is the centenary of Sir Walter Scott's birth. This fact has induced the London *Athenæum* to print a criticism of his writings, their character, and present influence. No doubt, many similar papers will appear, and the interest in the Waverley novels and the poems be greatly freshened.

Lippincott's Biographical and Mythological Dictionary, publishing in numbers, has reached its twenty-second part, which nearly completes the first half. This is a very complete and excellent work. The publishers are pushing it forward rapidly, in order to insure its completion as soon as possible.

At John Murray's recent annual sale, two thousand copies of Darwin's new work, "The Descent of Man," were disposed of in advance of publication. This work will shortly be issued here by D. Appleton & Co.

D. Appleton & Co. are about issuing a new edition of "The Heir of Redclyffe," and other novels by Miss Yonge, in uniform style, and with new illustrations.

The autobiography of the late Lord Brougham will appear from the press of Blackwood & Son, early in the year.

### War Notes.

#### The Siege of Paris.

OUR Paris correspondent sends us by balloon post, date of December 2d, further particulars of the progress of the siege up to that day:

From the 25th to the 29th of November the line of forts from Mont Valerian to Charenton kept up a regular fire upon the German positions round the south of Paris, the efforts of attack and defence being gradually concentrated at that point.

The wide fosse, four miles in length, connecting the forts of Briche and Double Couronne, between the Canal St.-Denis and the Seine, was last week filled with water, the quantity lifted by the five steam-engines from the Seine having been no less than twenty millions of gallons. This operation is reckoned to be one of the most interesting works of the defence of Paris. The manufacture of cannons, mitrailleuses, rifles, projectiles, and ammunition, is carried on with the most prodigious activity; thanks to those efforts, the three armies of Paris, now fully armed and equipped, supported by formidable trains of artillery, have been able to resume the offensive. This new phase of the siege of Paris began on Sunday last, the 27th of November, when all the gates around Paris were closed upon the non-combatants, egress and ingress being limited to those engaged in the defence of the city. During the whole of the 28th of November, masses of French troops, numbering more than three hundred thousand men, supported by seven hundred pieces of field-artillery, two-thirds of which were of heavy calibre, were divided into three corps and concentrated—first, between Vincennes and Saint-Maur, under General Ducrot; second, between the Porte d'Orleans and the redoubt of Villejuif, under General Vinoy; and third, in the peninsula of Gennevilliers, under General Trochu, the commander-in-chief. On that morning the proclamation of the members of the provisional government informed the inhabitants that the effort demanded by the honor and safety of France is being made, and that their military chiefs at the head of their brave armies had gone forth to dislodge the enemy from his entrenched lines, and join hands with their brethren of the provinces. General Trochu, in his address to his soldiers, says: "After so much bloodshed, more must flow, the responsibility of which rests with those whose detestable ambition tramples under foot the laws of justice and modern civilization. Let us put our trust in God, and march forward in defence of our fatherland." General Ducrot, in his stirring address to his soldiers, appeals to their honor and patriotism to make a great effort for the liberty, integrity, and independence of France, and reminds them of their wasted fields, their ruined homes, their sisters, wives, and mothers, desolate. Expressing his determination to reënter Paris either dead or victorious, he ends his address with the words "Forward then, forward, and may God protect us!" The troops, electrified by the words and example of their chiefs, went forth hopefully to do battle for their country.

On the morning of the 29th, the gunners in the peninsula of Gennevilliers, bombarded the positions held by the Germans, near Orgenteuil and Bezons. On the fire ceasing, the French troops occupied the island of Marante and the Pont-aux-Anglais, where they are now strongly entrenched. A strong column of troops from the peninsula made a reconnaissance in force in the neighborhood of Buzanval and Boispreau. The corps commanded by General Vinoy, at the south of Paris, at the same time opened a heavy cannonade upon the positions of Chevilly, Hay, and Choisy-le-Roi, and afterward carried by assault the entrenched positions of Hay and the cattle-station of Choisy. Those positions, however, had to be abandoned, being commanded by the German batteries on the hill of Chatillon. As the German reserves hurried forward to defend their positions, they were constantly exposed to the fire of the gunboats of Captain Thomasset, near the Port à l'Anglais, the pieces of heavy artillery, mounted on iron-clad locomotives, near the batteries of Ivry, the redoubt of the Moulin Saquet, and the fort of Charenton, and must have sustained serious losses. The French losses on the 29th were estimated at about six hundred. Early on the morning of the 30th of November, General Ducrot, at the head of his army, crossed the Marne on pontoons, attacked the entrenched position held by the Germans on the plateau of Chenevières, whom they dislodged after a desperate struggle of six hours' duration. They likewise succeeded in taking possession of the plateau between Brie-sur-Marne and Champigny, and remained masters of the conquered positions. The brigade led by the vice-admiral, commanding the fort of St.-Denis, dislodged the Germans from the villages of Drancy and Groslay; while the brigade of Henrion carried by assault the entrenched village of Epinay, and captured seventy-two prisoners and two cannons of the new model. The strong position of Montmesly was taken, but had to be abandoned on the arrival of heavy German reinforcements. This complicated series of combats, engaged on so many different points, lasting from six in the morning until five at night, was, upon the whole, highly favorable to the French arms. The terrific cannonade, that scarcely ever ceased a moment during the whole day, kept the people of Paris in a state of feverish excitement; on learning from the official report the successful nature of the day's operations, their enthusiasm was indescribable. The French losses are heavy, but have not yet been ascertained, General Renault and General Ladreit de la Charrière being severely wounded, and many distinguished officers having fallen. The steamboats of the Seine were engaged the whole day and night in transporting the wounded from the battle-field to the Quay of the Jardin des Plantes. Long files of ambulance-vans received the poor victims of the horrid cruelties of war, and distributed them throughout the different quarters of the city. Hundreds, preferring to be taken home, were carried through the streets on stretchers, their pale faces and their bandaged and bleeding forms exciting boundless sympathy and commiseration.

In the midst of their cares and grave responsibilities, the members of the government have formed an improved system of national education, and projected the opening of free lecture-rooms and circulating libraries in all the arrondissements of Paris, for the mental and moral improvement of the working-classes.

#### Historic Echoes.

There is a remarkable resemblance in some points between the history of the present campaign of the Prussians in France and that of

the French in Prussia in 1806. Indeed, the records of that period might, with a change of names, be almost taken for stray pages of the war-literature of 1870. After the battle of Auerstadt, which was lost by the Prussians chiefly owing to the mismanagement of their generals, and the surrender of Erfurt and Napoleon's entry of Berlin, occurred the capitulation of Prince Hohenlohe and his army, then the retreat of Blücher to Lübeck, the storming of that city, and the surrender of Blücher with the wreck of the forces under his command. After this the Prussian fortresses fell an easy prey to the French, and then, with more reason than now, it was said that these fortresses might have held out for some time longer. When Spandau capitulated on the 24th of October the French observed that, well defended, it might have sustained a siege of two months after the trenches had been opened. Stettin surrendered on the 29th of October, capitulating to the first column of French troops which appeared before it, who found to their surprise that it contained a garrison of six thousand fine-looking troops, one hundred and sixty pieces of cannon, and abundant magazines of all sorts. Chitrin, a place of considerable strength, and of great importance on account of its situation upon the Oder, surrendered to Marshal Davoust on the 1st of November, as soon as it was invested and summoned, though its garrison consisted of four thousand men, amply provided with magazines. Magdeburg, the bulwark of the Prussian monarchy on its western frontier, capitulated to Marshal Ney on the 6th of November, after a few bombs had been thrown into the city; and Hameln, the chief fortress of the electorate of Hanover, had not even that excuse for its surrender on the 20th of the same month. In Magdeburg were found twenty-two thousand troops, including two thousand artillerymen, and in Hameln there was a Prussian garrison of nine thousand men, with six months' provisions and stores, and ammunition of every kind. The French general to whom the place was given up had no forces with him except two Dutch regiments and a single regiment of light infantry. In the mean time another inferior army assembled at Wesel, under the command of Louis Bonaparte, the newly-created King of Holland, overran the Prussian provinces of Westphalia, and penetrated into the electorate of Hanover; and a still smaller corps, under General Dandael, took possession of Emden and East Friesland. At Münster and other places valuable magazines fell into the hands of the invaders, and no resistance was anywhere made to them. Hameln, as before stated, was given up to General Savary, and Nieuberg, the last place of the electorate held by the Prussians, capitulated a few days afterward (viz., on the 25th of November). The surrender of Plassenberg, a small fortress in the territory of Bayreuth, completed the conquest of the Prussian fortresses in Germany to the west of the Oder.

Then, as now, there was, for a few days, some hopes of an armistice. After the battle of Auerstadt, Lucchesini was dispatched by the King of Prussia to the French headquarters to negotiate peace, and, on arriving there, on the 23d of October, Durce was named by the French emperor to negotiate with him. At first the Prussian minister was amused with hopes of concluding a peace on the terms which he was authorized to offer; but, as the situation of his sovereign became every day more desperate by the capture of his armies and the surrender of his fortified places, the demands of the French rose in proportion, and at length Napoleon explicitly declared that he would never quit Berlin nor evacuate Poland

till Moldavia and Wallachia were yielded by the Russians in complete sovereignty to the Porte, and till a general peace was concluded on the basis of the restitution of all the Spanish, French, and Dutch colonies and possessions taken by Great Britain during the war. With this declaration all hopes of peace vanished: instead of which an armistice was proposed by the French, and, after much fruitless negotiation, concluded by Lucchesini, on the 16th of November; but the terms were so disadvantageous that the King of Prussia, on the 23d, refused to ratify it, and the war was prosecuted with unremitted activity. Perhaps Count Bismarck happens to remember this history of the events which occurred in October and November sixty-four years ago, when Count von Moltke was an innocent child of seven years old, and has been in some degree influenced by the precedents afforded by the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon I. toward Prussia in 1806.

#### France's Future.

The recovery of a nation after loss, conquest, pestilence, famine, is not unfrequently recorded in history; but a nation that has fallen to pieces by its internal disorganization does not for long—sometimes does not for ages—reassert its place in the world. The eclipse which came upon Greece and upon Italy lasted for centuries, and has not passed away. In later times the glory of Spain departed, and has never returned. These considerations must appall one who looks now at prostrate France. Not her present misfortunes only, but the dark days that are before her, excite emotion, the one raising pity, the other shutting out hope. France the fair, the romantic, the brave, the legendary, to sink into a base country, clinging to her ancient pride and ancient pretension, is sad to contemplate. Yet if what has been be any guide to the knowledge of what is to be, France must for many a day, perhaps for many a century, experience the bitterness of humiliation. Of all the great institutions which she owned in her days of renown, not one remains to serve as a rallying-point. So utterly has she failed that her reconstruction cannot be immediate or speedy; it must be the work of generations.

Nevertheless, strongly as the analogies may press in a political view, there is a ground of hope for France which was wanting to the fallen countries with which we have compared her. Greece, Italy, Spain, are all peninsulas, on the skirts of the Continent. It required amazing *vis* to give them their predominance at all, and, when their energy disappeared, insignificance naturally ensued. Their geographical position, in spite of which they raised themselves, gave them no assistance when they began to fall; it rather served to teach the rest of Europe how well affairs could go on without these excrescences, which belong more to the sea than to the land. But her geographical situation must always work powerfully in favor of France. Europe can never go on its way unmindful of her—can never say, as long as she is a nation, that her voice shall be entirely unheeded in council. It may be that, like the potent Hebrew's, her hair may begin to grow again after she has been shaven, and some tokens of her great strength to return. Alas that, like him, she should be fatally blind!

#### The Prussian Field-post.

The *feld-post*, which is, without any exception, the greatest blessing that a government ever gave an army, is composed as follows: Each *corps d'armée* has a head postmaster, under whom are the following staff: seven clerks attached to the office of the headquarters, four at

the headquarters of each division, and three with the artillery of each corps. Besides this, he has fourteen letter-sorters and seventeen postillions. The headquarter staff-post of a *corps d'armée* has two wagons, one chaise, and one fourgon. The first ply with the letters, the second carries the postmaster and his second when on the march, as well as small parcels. In order to give additional facilities to the soldier to write to his friends, the authorities have issued cards to each regiment, on one side of which is printed—

#### Feld-post Correspondence Karte.

To

Address,

and, on the other side, the letter is written in pencil or ink. If in the former, it is rendered perfectly secure against being rubbed out by the application of a wet cloth across it, which, thanks to some preparation on the surface of the card, secures its legibility to the end of its journey. The number of letters sent off after a battle is almost incalculable. It is, indeed, estimated that every sixth person left conscious writes. In order that every chance of writing should be given, postillions ride over the field with cards and a pencil the day after the battle, and any wounded man who is still there can either write or dictate his message home.

#### Rats as Food.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, discoursing on the subject of rats as food, says: "There is no knowing what you can eat until you try. This morning I met a friend on the Boulevards, about breakfast-time, who asked me to come with him to Hall's, as he had there ordered rats. I agreed to go and just look at them. They looked very good, served up in a salmis, with gravy and toast, and my friend pronounced them excellent; and so I did eat, or rather taste, and am obliged to confess that I should have no objection to repeat the experiment to-morrow. The flesh was white and very delicate, like young rabbit, but with more flavor. We curiously inspected the bill to see whether the proprietor of the restaurant would venture to give the dish its real name, but there was only a significant blank space, and then one franc fifty centimes. On being remonstrated with for this unbusiness-like method of procedure, he wanted to write 'salmis de gibier,' the word 'rat' being quite impossible. As there were two rats, salmis, each cost about seven pence, but bought wholesale (I am told they are now exhibited publicly for sale in some shops) and cooked at home, they would, perhaps, be cheap eating, even in time of siege; only, unluckily, the poor people, who want them most, would be the last to consent to touch them."

#### Causes of French Failure.

France failed in the present war because, both morally and physically, her entire social system—if system it deserved to be called—was rotten to the core. A government of force resting upon universal corruption could not fail to be ill served in every department of the state, and in none more so than in that on which its very existence depended—the department of war. Even in point of numbers the French army, when hostilities broke out, proved to be far below the standard that had been set for it; while in all the other qualities which contribute to make armies formidable it was entirely wanting. The temper of the men appears to have been arrogant, presumptuous, braggart; the regimental officers, especially in the subaltern ranks, were for the most part ignorant and underbred persons. Discipline, in our sense of the term, there was

none. The generals showed no acquaintance at all, or next to none, with the first principles of that art of which the outward world gave them credit for being masters; and the system of administration and supply, the *intendances militaires*, broke down as soon as an easy strain was put upon it. For three weeks the corps which had been thrust rashly to the front lay idle for lack of stores and means of transport. They took up, likewise, and retained positions which would have been barely safe had a prompt and well-arranged advance into the enemy's country been contemplated; but which, as ground to be held by troops waiting till their magazines should be formed and a plan of campaign settled, were perilous in the extreme. And, more remarkable still, both then and throughout the whole of the campaign, the outpost arrangements of the French army were as faulty as can well be conceived. When we read, in short, of what, in all these respects, Napoleon III. and his people did, both in preparing for a struggle which they knew to be a critical one, and conducting themselves in presence of the enemy, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that we are following the fortunes of the descendants and representatives of those redoubtable warriors who, sixty years ago, overthrew the Continental armies wherever they encountered them on any thing like equal terms.

#### Causes of German Success.

One great cause of the astounding success of the Germans in this war is to be found in this, that, superadded to the excellency of their system of recruitment, they have the best-instructed staff in the world, which have revolutionized for them the tactics, or practical portion, of the art of war as completely as their own Frederick did a century or more ago; and even more than was done, not so much by Napoleon himself as by the course of events during the first days of the French Revolution, and the skill with which he seized the result and improved upon it. Another is to be found in the perfection of their equipment in every arm, and the admirable order which prevails in their *intendances* or department of supply.

### Miscellany.

#### Furs and the Fur-trade.

WHILE our article on this subject, in the JOURNAL of December 24th, was passing through the press, we received from Mr. William Macnaughtan, fur commission-merchant, New York, the successor in business of the late Ramsay Cooks, so long the partner and survivor of John Jacob Astor, and so often mentioned in that charming book, Irving's "Astoria," a very interesting table, evidently compiled with great labor and care, giving the sales in each year, from 1859 to 1870, of furs in London by the Hudson's-Bay Company and Messrs. C. M. Lampson & Co. As the sales of these parties comprise fully three-fourths of the American furs sold in the world in any year, they give a more accurate approximation to the entire fur-production of the globe than can otherwise be obtained. We have not the space, nor is it appropriate to the character of the JOURNAL, to insert this table entire; but some notes deduced from it will be of interest to our readers. The sable, ermine, Kolenski, and Hudson's-Bay sable, are not among the furs sold by these parties, Leipzig being the largest and best market for them. By far the rarest and most precious of the furs on their list is that of the silver-fox, a very rare animal, found only in our extreme northern latitudes.

Of this costly and beautiful fur, sold almost exclusively to the nobles of Northern Europe, but five hundred and forty-one skins were sold in 1865, and, for five years of the eleven, the annual supply was less than eight hundred skins. In 1869 the unprecedented number of twenty-four hundred and twenty were put upon the market, and, in 1870, there were nineteen hundred and ten sold. The cross-fox, also a very beautiful animal, is also rare; the highest number of skins sold being six thousand two hundred and ninety-one, in 1869, while the number sent to market, in 1865, was but twenty-three hundred and five, and the quantity had vibrated between these two extremes through the whole eleven years.

The pelts of the different species and varieties of the bear ranged in the different years from seven thousand to nearly thirteen thousand, and the wolf-skins from four thousand to twelve thousand six hundred. On the whole, judging from this table, wolves seem to be decreasing. The number of mink-skins had exceeded one hundred thousand only twice in the eleven years, viz., in 1860 and 1869, ranging for the remainder of the time from fifty to ninety-five thousand. The marten-skins, including the pine, the stone, and perhaps also the fitch marten, range from seventy-eight thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, in 1870, to one hundred and forty-seven thousand and ninety-one, in 1859. In 1866 they nearly reached the highest number.

The muskrat, or musquash, is much the most abundant of our American fur-bearing animals, and even the large average sale of its skins by these parties, amounting to about two million a year, and in some years rising to two million two hundred thousand, does not give an adequate idea of its abundance. More than a million, and possibly two million, muskrat-skins are consumed here without crossing the ocean. A similar remark may be made concerning the skins of the skunk, or, as it is now generally called, the black-marten, or Alaska sable. Since its introduction as a fashionable fur here, large numbers of the skins are offered to our fur-dealers directly, instead of being shipped to Europe. There has been, in consequence, an apparent falling-off in the numbers sold in the European markets, while there is an actually increasing consumption of these really elegant furs. The maximum of sales in the London market was reached in 1860, when one hundred and forty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-nine were sold by the two parties named above, and, though very nearly the same point was reached in 1864, the sales since that time there have been, in round numbers, seventy-eight thousand, sixty-one thousand, one hundred and nine thousand six hundred, seventy thousand four hundred, eighty-four thousand three hundred, and, in 1870, fifty-five thousand six hundred and thirty-nine. We think the consumption in this country the present winter will be nearly double this. The fur of the raccoon is almost exclusively used in Germany, Poland, and Russia, and very few of the half-million of raccoon-skins sold annually in London will find their way back to this country.

Nothing in this table has more surprised us than the large number of beaver-skins sold in London. We had supposed that the beaver was becoming a rare animal, and that, with the substitution of the nutria and muskrat for the finer qualities of fur-hats, and the rabbit and domestic cat for the cheaper grades, the beaver had ceased to be hunted so zealously as he was twenty-five or thirty years ago; but this table shows, in the sales of these two houses, an average of one hundred and fifty thousand skins during the entire eleven years,





power, population, and wealth of the empire. It is the seat of the court, the government, and the legislature; of the supreme courts of law; of science, art, and justice; and it might almost be described as the centre of the world's commerce. While it is the capital of Great Britain and its vast colonial dependencies, London is also in a measure regarded as the capital of modern industry, to which men of energy and enterprise resort, not only from the counties and distant provinces, but from the various countries of Europe, and indeed from nearly all parts of the habitable globe.

#### The Widow of James Hogg.

A lady well known to Sir Walter Scott, "Christopher North," Allan Cunningham, Lockhart, and other literary men, died recently at Bellevue Place, Linlithgow, where she had resided for the past fifteen years. Margaret Phillips, widow of James Hogg "The Ettrick Shepherd," was the daughter of an Annandale farmer. She was married to the poet in 1814, and, until his death, presided with much grace and amiability over his only too hospitable home. It was her fate to survive her gifted husband thirty-five years. Many of the multitude of friends who surrounded the poet would have been glad to have shown his respected widow their sense of old kindnesses, but she shrank from every thing like notoriety and society. Her death took place in the presence of her only son, who returned two years ago from service in India, and her three surviving daughters. The deceased was an excellent, and, in many respects, a remarkable character. Her memory was extraordinary, and she delighted to entertain her friends with reminiscences of Scott, Professor Wilson, Lockhart, Wilkie, and "Honest Allan," as Sir Walter was in the habit of calling Cunningham, as well as other distinguished friends and associates of the "Shepherd." James Hogg, had he survived his wife, would have been nearly a century old. He was born in 1772, and married when he had passed the middle stage of life, she being, as the phrase is, "young enough to be his daughter." Having been celebrated by him in more than one of his best poems, "Bonnie Maggie" justified his choice by a married life of steadfast and loving duty. She received a pension of fifty pounds per annum from the British Government, and another of forty pounds from the Duke of Buccleugh. Her remains were interred in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh.

#### Varieties.

NOT long ago the body of a deceased native was carried down to the banks of the Jumna, at Etawah, India, to be burned. The pile was made and the wood was lighted, and while waiting so as to give some little time for a good blaze, the men moved off to a little distance, squatting themselves down to have a smoke. A huge crocodile, seemingly watching their movements, rushed out of the water at this point of the ceremony, seized the corpse and doubled back, making a tremendous header into the river with the body between his jaws, leaving the followers and mourners in perfect bewilderment.

There has been a discussion in England as to the value of acorns as food for cattle. Some persons say they are poisonous, while others estimate the acorn-crop in that country last year as worth more than a million sterling. The fact seems to be that acorns, dry and ripe, are very valuable food for swine and sheep, if taken in moderation.

A West Hickory Pennsylvania farmer lately heard a scratching under his bed. Putting on his trousers, he reached for the intruder, and in a minute found himself in the corner, partly scalped, with his lower limbs looking as though

he had been through a wool-carding machine, while, with a spit and a growl, a catamount disappeared through the open window.

At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys: "Why is the Connecticut river so called?" when a bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes, ma'am, because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire and cuts through Massachusetts!"

The Philadelphia *Medical and Surgical Review* does not "know of any drug which would produce the immediate yet temporary insensibility which is popularly supposed to follow the use of drugged liquor," and is of the opinion that the talk about liquor having been drugged is only a sort of apology for having been drunk.

A correspondent states that while riding from Philadelphia to New York he accepted a cigar from a stranger and discovered, just in season to save himself, that it was drugged. A new dodge to aid in robbery in the cars.

Lady—"Four of those chairs which I so lately purchased of you are broken." Upholsterer—"Indeed, madam! The only way in which I can account for that is, that some one must have been sitting on them."

"I find, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my jokes and passing them off as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?" "To be sure I do, Tom. A true gentleman will always take a joke from a friend."

The Chinese in Belleville, New Jersey, are rapidly winning their way into public favor. They attend to their business, molest no one, and are in every respect model workmen. Many of them attend divine service regularly.

If your lips you would save from slips,  
Five things observe with care:  
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—  
And how—and when—and where.

Miss Thompson, ordained to the ministry at the late Michigan Universalist State Convention, is described as the most graceful female orator in the country.

The Congressional Library now numbers about two hundred and ten thousand volumes, having had a large addition through the new law regulating copyrights.

Next to Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, New Jersey is the most densely populated of the States. She has one hundred and seven to the square mile.

A newly-imported Chinese, on the occasion of his first job for a bill-poster at Northampton, Massachusetts, carefully stuck all his bills upside down.

The largest farm in England contains three thousand acres. The live-stock kept on this farm is valued at sixty-four thousand five hundred dollars.

There is a verdict on record in one of the counties of Minnesota, rendered in a murder trial, in the following words: "Not guilty if he'll quit the State."

A lady died recently in Boston, aged eighty, who had not been out of the house for forty years.

A photographer in Glasgow has received orders from a London house for sixty thousand photographs of the Marquis of Lorn.

A shoemaker writes that he is not only willing to give a woman her rights, but her "rights and lefts."

Chicago has more wooden houses, and Philadelphia less of them, than any other large cities of the country.

An Irish painter declares in an advertisement that among other portraits he has a representation of "Death as large as life."

The London *Times* remarks that there are not ten Irishmen in Ireland who do not think of coming to America some time or other.

Professor Eaton has discovered that this globe will support human life only twenty-six million years longer.

Fashionable young lady, detaching her hair previous to retiring: "What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil!"

Council Bluffs, Iowa, has a very high-graded school. It is three hundred feet above the street grade.

Austria, according to late census returns, has a population of 35,943,592 souls.

The population of the United States, according to the census just taken, is 38,674,463.

The music-teacher who broke his engagement is called "a tuneless lyre."

As we often hear of flying bricks, we ought not to be astonished at hearing a chimney-sue.

The surest way of getting into a scrape is to go to a Russian bath.

A good housewife's motto—whatever thou dost, dust it with all thy might.

There are four Episcopal churches in Ohio that discard the use of the surplice.

In Florida they are making "orange-brandy."

A Polish woman is captain, surgeon, and chaplain, of a company of French volunteers.

#### The Museum.

THERE has been much learned discussion as to whether the fondness for coffee, so decidedly expressed in modern civilization, is an acquired or natural taste. Possibly the fact that our native American savages are passionately fond of this beverage, and take to it instantly the fragrant perfume reaches their nostrils, is a very satisfactory solution in favor of the position that coffee was intended for man's happiness as much as are the fruits of the garden and the grains of the field. On occasions when our "Indians of the Plains" meet "government agents," to receive their annuities or transact other business, it is the custom among well-disposed "officials" to give the Indian a treat of deliciously-strong coffee, which has all the effect of exhilaration without the pernicious consequences of whiskey. To the savage who has never been in contact even with its fragrance, the perfume of roasting coffee, the first time perceived, will attract his attention. His nostrils will dilate, and his eyes express astonished satisfaction and inquiry. In spite of himself, and his habit of appearing indifferent to novelties, he will move toward the point of attraction, his yearning palate demanding the satisfaction of the taste of coffee.

The Indians do every thing, as nearly as possible, their own way; and, when drinking coffee in numbers, they wait patiently until every man has his cup equally well filled, and then in unison pour it down their capacious throats, then stopping simultaneously to recover their breath and give their peculiar "grunt" of satisfaction. They then commence again, and, to a person who could hear and not see, an impression is left by the gurgling noises that large numbers of pet pigs of an enormous size have been suddenly provided with an indefinite quantity of buttermilk, each individual pig making a thorough hog of itself in its determination to guzzle down the delicious food.

Instances are known where Indians, having once obtained a taste for coffee, have travelled two and three hundred miles to gratify their appetite, and their avidity to do this has been so great that they would, in addition to their long journeys, sacrifice every thing they possessed for the temporary enjoyment.

On one of these coffee-drinking occasions

there was present a "rising brave," who wore upon his shoulders a buffalo-robe, remarkable for its size, beauty of its coat, and elaborate ornamentation. It was really an imperial robe, and was never surpassed in utility or beauty by the grandest trapping of a royal Goth or Vandal. The trader endeavored to purchase this prize, but the savage owner scorned all

offers, and, wrapping it about his person, wore it with a grace and dignity that was befitting a true sovereign of the forest. Finally, the "occasion" ended with the usual treat of coffee. The owner of the coveted robe was one of the first to gratify his taste with the beverage; it operated on him as a new revelation from the Great Spirit. He seemed instantly infatuated,

and pressed forward for more. Contrary to his expectations, he was gratified, and in the exuberance of his delight and munificence of his gratitude he threw his magnificent robe over the shoulders of the trader. It was to the untutored mind of the savage his most eloquent expression of the pleasure he had so unexpectedly received.



A Coffee-Treat among the Indians.

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## RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[“RALPH THE HEIR,” SUPPLEMENT NO. XIV.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF JANUARY 7.]

## CHAPTER XL.

## WHAT SIR THOMAS THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

SIR THOMAS UNDERWOOD had been engaged upon a very great piece of work ever since he had been called to the bar in the twenty-fifth year of his life. He had then devoted himself to the writing of a life of Lord Verulam, and had been at it ever since. But as yet he had not written a word. In early life, that is, up to his fortieth year, he had talked freely enough about his *opus magnum* to those of his contemporaries with whom he had been intimate; but of late Bacon's name never had been on his lips. Patience, at home, was aware of the name and nature of her father's occupation, but Clarissa had not yet learned to know that he who had been the great philosopher and little lord-chancellor was not to be lightly mentioned. To Stem the matter had become so serious, that, in speaking of books, papers, and documents, he would have recourse to any periphrasis rather than mention in his master's hearing the name of the fallen angel. And yet Sir Thomas was always talking to himself about Sir Francis Bacon, and was always writing his life.

There are men who never dream of great work, who never realize to themselves the need of work so great as to demand a lifetime, but who themselves never fail in accomplishing those second-class tasks with which they satisfy their own energies. Men these are who to the world are very useful. Some few there are, who, seeing the beauty of a great work, and believing in its accomplishment within the years allotted to man, are contented to struggle for success, and struggling, fail. Here and there comes one who struggles and succeeds. But the men are many who see the beauty, who adopt the task, who promise themselves the triumph, and then never struggle at all. The task is never abandoned; but days go by and weeks; and then months and years—and nothing is done. The dream of youth becomes the doubt of middle life, and then the despair of age. In building a summer-house it is so easy to plant the first stick, but one does not know where to touch the sod when one begins to erect a castle. So it had been with Sir Thomas Underwood and his life of Bacon. It would not suffice to him to scrape together a few facts, to indulge in some fiction, to tell a few anecdotes, and then to call his book a biography. Here was a man who had risen higher and was reported to have fallen lower—perhaps, than any other son of Adam. With the finest in-

tellect ever given to a man, with the purest philanthropy and the most enduring energy, he had become a by-word for greed and injustice. Sir Thomas had resolved that he would tell the tale as it had never yet been told, that he would unravel facts that had never seen the light, that he would let the world know of what nature really had been this man—and that he would write a book that should live. He had never abandoned his purpose; and now, at sixty years of age, his purpose remained with him, but not one line of his book was written.

And yet the task had divorced him in a measure from the world. He had not been an unsuccessful man in life. He had made money, and had risen nearly to the top of his profession. He had been in Parliament, and was even now a member. But yet he had been divorced from the world, and Bacon had done it. By Bacon he had justified to himself—or rather had failed to justify to himself—a seclusion from his family and from the world which had been intended for strenuous work, but had been devoted to dilettante idleness. And he had fallen into those mistakes which such habits and such pursuits are sure to engender. He thought much, but he thought nothing out, and was consequently at sixty still in doubt about almost every thing. Whether Christ did or did not die to save sinners was a question with him so painfully obscure that he had been driven to obtain what comfort he might from not thinking of it. The assurance of belief certainly was not his to enjoy—nor yet that absence from fear which may come from assured unbelief. And yet none who knew him could say that he was a bad man. He robbed no one. He never lied. He was not self-indulgent. He was affectionate. But he had spent his life in an intention to write the life of Lord Verulam, and, not having done it, had missed the comfort of self-respect. He had intended to settle for himself a belief on subjects which are, of all, to all men the most important; and, having still postponed the work of inquiry, had never attained the security of a faith. He was forever doubting, forever intending, and forever despising himself for his doubts and unaccomplished intentions. Now, at the age of sixty, he had thought to lessen these inward disturbances by returning to public life, and his most unsatisfactory alliance with Mr. Griffenbottom had been the result.

They who know the agonies of an ambitious, indolent, doubting, self-accusing man—of a man who has a skeleton in his cupboard as to which he can ask for sympathy

from no one—will understand what feelings were at work within the bosom of Sir Thomas when his Percycross friends left him alone in his chamber. The moment he knew that he was alone he turned the lock of the door, and took from out a standing desk a whole heap of loose papers. These were the latest of his notes on the great Bacon subject. For, though no line of the book had ever been written—nor had his work even yet taken such form as to enable him to write a line—nevertheless, he always had by him a large assemblage of documents, notes, queries, extracts innumerable, and references which in the course of years had become almost unintelligible to himself, upon which from time to time he would set himself to work. Whenever he was most wretched he would fly at his papers. When the qualms of his conscience became very severe, he would copy some passage from a dusty book, hardly in the belief that it might prove to be useful, but with half a hope that he might cheat himself into so believing. Now, in his misery, he declared that he would bind himself to his work and never leave it. There, if anywhere, might consolation be found.

With rapid hands he moved about the papers, and tried to fix his eyes upon the words. But how was he to fix his thoughts? He could not even begin not to think of those scoundrels who had so misused him. It was not a week since they had taken fifty pounds from him for the poor of Percycross, and now they came to him with a simple statement that he was absolutely to be thrown over! He had already paid nine hundred pounds for his election, and was well aware that the account was not closed. And he was a man who could not bear to speak about money, or to make any complaint as to money. Even though he was being so abominably misused, still he must pay any further claim that might be made on him in respect of the election that was past. Yes—he must pay for those very purchased votes, for that bribery, as to which he had so loudly expressed his abhorrence, and by reason of which he was now to lose his seat with ignominy.

But the money was not the worst of it. There was a heavier sorrow than that arising from the loss of his money. He alone had been just throughout the contest at Percycross; he alone had been truthful, and he alone straightforward! And yet he alone must suffer! He began to believe that Griffenbottom would keep his seat. That he would certainly lose his own, he was quite convinced. He might lose it by undergoing an adverse petition, and paying ever so much



more money—or he might lose it in the manner that Mr. Trigger had so kindly suggested. In either way there would be disgrace, and contumely, and hours of the agony of self-reproach in store for him!

What excuse had he for placing himself in contact with such filth? Of what childishness had he not been the victim when he allowed himself to dream that he, a pure and scrupulous man, could go among such impurity as he had found at Percycross, and come out, still clean and yet triumphant? Then he thought of Griffenbottom as a member of Parliament, and of that Legislation and that Constitution to which Griffenbottoms were thought to be essentially necessary. That there are always many such men in the House he had always known. He had sat there and had seen them. He had stood shoulder to shoulder with them through many a division, and had thought about them—acknowledging their use. But now that he was brought into personal contact with such a one, his very soul was aghast. The Griffenbottoms never do any thing in politics. They are men of whom in the lump it may be surmised that they take up this or that side in politics, not from any instructed conviction, not from faith in measures or even in men, nor from adherence either through reason or prejudice to this or that set of political theories—but simply because on this side or on that there is an opening. That gradually they do grow into some shape of conviction from the moulds in which they are made to live, must be believed of them; but these convictions are convictions as to divisions, convictions as to patronage, convictions as to success, convictions as to Parliamentary management; but not convictions as to the political needs of the people. So said Sir Thomas to himself as he sat thinking of the Griffenbottoms. In former days he had told himself that a pudding cannot be made without suet or dough, and that Griffenbottoms were necessary if only for the due adherence of the plums. Whatever most health-bestowing drug the patient may take would bestow any thing but health were it taken undiluted. It was thus in former days Sir Thomas had apologized to himself for the Griffenbottoms in the House; but no such apology satisfied him now. This log of a man, this lump of suet, this diluting quantity of most impure water; 'twas thus that Mr. Griffenbottom was spoken of by Sir Thomas to himself as he sat there with all the Bacon documents before him—this politician, whose only real political feeling consisted in a positive love of corruption for itself, had not only absolutely got the better of him, who regarded himself at any rate as a man of mind and thought, but had used him as a puppet, and had compelled him to do dirty work. Oh—that he should have been so lost to his own self-respect as to have allowed himself to be dragged through the dirt of Percycross!

But he must do something—he must take some step. Mr. Griffenbottom had declared that he would put himself to no expense in defending the seat. Of course he, Sir Thomas, could do the same. He believed that it

might be practicable for him to acknowledge the justice of the petition, to declare his belief that his own agents had betrayed him, and to acknowledge that his seat was indefensible. But, as he thought of it, he found that he was actually ignorant of the law in the matter. That he would make no such bargain as that suggested to him by Mr. Trigger; of so much he thought that he was sure. At any rate he would do nothing that he himself knew to be dishonorable. He must consult his own attorney. That was the end of his self-deliberation—that, and a conviction that under no circumstances could he retain his seat.

Then he struggled hard for an hour to keep his mind fixed on the subject of his great work. He had found an unknown memoir respecting Bacon, written by a German pen in the Latin language, published at Leipsic shortly after the date of Bacon's fall. He could translate that. It is always easiest for the mind to work, in such emergencies, on some matter as to which no creative struggles are demanded from it.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### A BROKEN HEART.

It was very bad with Clarissa when Ralph Newton was closeted with Mary at Popham Villa. She had suspected what was about to take place, when Sir Thomas and Ralph went together into the room; but at that moment she said nothing. She endeavored to seem to be cheerful and attempted to joke with Mary. The three girls were sitting at the table on which lunch was spread—a meal which no one was destined to eat at Popham Villa on that day—and thus they remained till Sir Thomas joined them. "Mary," he had said, "Ralph Newton wishes to speak to you. You had better go to him."

"To me, uncle?"

"Yes, to you. You had better go to him."

"But I had rather not."

"Of course you must do as you please, but I would advise you to go to him." Then she had risen very slowly and had gone.

All of them had understood what it meant. To Clarissa the thing was as certain as though she already heard the words spoken. With Patience even there was no doubt. Sir Thomas, though he had told nothing, did not pretend that the truth was to be hidden. He looked at his younger daughter sorrowfully, and laid his hand upon her head caressingly. With her there was no longer any possibility of retaining any secret, hardly the remembrance that there was a secret to retain. "Oh, papa," she said—"oh, papa!" and burst into tears.

"My dear," he said "believe me that it is best that it should be so. He is unworthy." Patience said not a word, but was now holding Clarissa close to her bosom. "Tell Mary," continued Sir Thomas, "that I will see her when she is at liberty. Patience, you can ask Ralph whether it will suit him to stay for dinner. I am tired and will go up-stairs my-

self." And so the two girls were left together.

"Patty, take me away," said Clarissa. "I must never see him again—never—nor her."

"She will not accept him, Clary."

"Yes, she will. I know she will. She is a sly, artful creature. And I have been so good to her."

"No, Clary—I think not—but what does it matter? He is unworthy. He can be nothing to you now. Papa was right. He is unworthy."

"I care nothing for that. I only care for him. Oh, Patty, take me away. I could not bear to see them when they come out."

Then Patience took her sister up to their joint room, and laid the poor sufferer on the bed, and, throwing herself on her knees beside the bed, wept over her sister and caressed her. That argument of Ralph's unworthiness was nothing to Clarissa. She did not consider herself to be so worthy but what she might forgive any sin, if only the chance of forgiving such sin were given to her. At this moment in her heart of hearts her anger was more against her rival than against the man. She had not yet taught herself to think of all his baseness to her—had only as yet had time to think that that evil had come upon her which she had feared from the first moment of her cousin's arrival.

Presently Patience heard the door opened of the room down-stairs and heard Mary's slow step as she crossed the hall. She understood well that some one should be below, and, with another single word of affection to her sister, she went down-stairs. "Well, Mary," she said, looking into her cousin's face.

"There is nothing particular to tell," said Mary, with a gentle smile.

"Of course we all knew what he wanted."

"Then of course you all knew what I should say to him."

"I knew," said Patience.

"I am sure that Clary knew," said Mary.

"But he is all alone there, and will not know what to do with himself. Won't you go to him?"

"You will go up to Clary?" Mary nodded her head, and then Patience crossed the hall to liberate the rejected suitor. Mary stood for a while thinking. She already knew, from what Patience had said, that Clarissa had suspected her, and she felt that there should have been no such suspicion. Clarissa had not understood, but ought to have understood. For a moment she was angry, and was disposed to go to her own room. Then she remembered all her cousin's misery, and crept up-stairs to the door. She had come so softly, that, though the door was hardly closed, nothing had been heard of her approach. "May I come in, dear?" she said, very gently.

"Well, Mary; tell me all," said Clarissa.

"There is nothing to tell, Clary—only this, that I fear Mr. Newton is not worthy of your love."

"He asked you to take him?"

"Never mind, dearest. We will not talk

of that. Dear, dearest Clary, if I only could make you happy."

"But you have refused him?"

"Don't you know me better than to ask me? Don't you know where my heart is? We will carry our burdens together, dearest, and then they will be lighter."

"But he will come to you again—that other one."

"Clary, dear; we will not think about it. There are things which should not be thought of. We will not talk of it, but we will love each other so dearly." Clariassa, now that she was assured that her evil fortune was not to be aggravated by any injury done to her by her cousin, allowed herself to be tranquillized if not comforted. There was indeed something in her position that did not admit of comfort. All the family knew the story of her unrequited love, and treated her with a compassion which, while its tenderness was pleasant to her, was still in itself an injury. A vain attachment in a woman's heart must ever be a weary load, because she can take no step of her own toward that consummation by which the burden may be converted into a joy. A man may be active, may press his suit even a tenth time, may do something toward achieving success. A woman can only be still and endure. But Clariassa had so managed her affairs that even that privilege of being still was hardly left to her. Her trouble was known to them all. She doubted whether even the servants in the house did not know the cause of her woe. How all this had come to pass she could not now remember. She had told Patience—as though in compliance with some compact that each should ever tell the other all things. And then circumstances had arisen which made it so natural that she should be open and candid with Mary. The two Ralphs were to be their two lovers. That to her had been a delightful dream during the last few months. He, whose inheritance at that moment was supposed to have been gone, had, as Clariassa thought, in plainest language told his love to her. "Dear, dear Clary, you know I love you." The words to her sense had been no all-important, had meant so much, had seemed to be so final, that they hardly wanted further corroboration. Then, indeed, had come the great fault—the fault which she had doubted whether she could ever pardon; and she, because of the heinousness of that offence, had been unable to answer the question that had been asked. But the offence, such as it was, had not lightened the solemnity of her assurance, as far as love went, that Ralph ought to be her own after the speaking of such words as he had spoken. There were those troubles about money, but yet she was entitled to regard him as her own. Then had come the written offer from the other Ralph to Mary—the offer written in the moment of his believed prosperity; and it had been so natural that Clariassa should tell her cousin that as regarded the splendor of position there should be no jealousy between them. Clariassa did not herself think much of a lover who wrote

letters instead of coming and speaking—had perhaps an idea that open speech, even though offence might follow, was better than formal letters; but all that was Mary's affair. This very respectful Ralph was Mary's lover, and, if Mary were satisfied, she would not quarrel with the well-behaved young man. She would not even quarrel with him because he was taking from her own Ralph the inheritance which for so many years had been believed to be his own. Thus in the plenitude of her affection and in the serenity of her heart she had told every thing to her cousin. And now also her father knew it all. How this had come to pass she did not think to inquire. She suspected no harm from Patience. The thing had been so clear, that all the world might see it. Ralph, that false one, knew it also. Who could know it so well as he did? Had not those very words been spoken by him—been repeated by him? Now she was as one stricken, where wounds could not be hidden.

On that day Ralph was driven back to town in his cab, in a rather disheartened condition, and no more was seen or heard of him for the present at Popham Villa. His late guardian had behaved very ill to him in telling Mary Bonner the story of Polly Neeft. That was his impression—feeling sure that Mary had alluded to the unfortunate affair with the breeches-maker's daughter, of which she could have heard tidings only from Sir Thomas. As to Clariassa, he had not exactly forgotten the little affair on the lawn; but to his eyes that affair had been so small as to be almost overlooked amid larger matters. Mary, he thought, had never looked so beautiful as she had done while refusing him. He did not mean to give her up. Her heart, she had told him, was not her own. He thought he had read of young ladies in similar conditions, of young ladies who had bestowed their hearts and had afterward got them back again for the sake of making second bestowals. He was not sure but that such an object would lend a zest to life. There was his brother Gregory in love with Clariassa, and still true to her. He would be true to Mary, and would see whether, in spite of that far-away lover, he might not be more successful than his brother. At any rate he would not give her up—and before he had gone to bed that night he had already concocted a letter to her in his brain, explaining the whole of that Neeft affair, and asking her whether a man should be condemned to misery for life because he had been led by misfortune into such a mistake as that. He dined very well at his club, and on the following morning went down to the Moonbeam by an early train, for that day's hunting. Thence he returned to Newton Priory in time for Christmas, and as he was driven up to his own house, through his own park, meeting one or two of his own tenants, and encountering now and then his own obsequious laborers, he was not an unhappy man in spite of Mary Bonner's cruel answer. It may be doubted whether his greatest trouble at this moment did not arise from his dread of Neeft. He

had managed to stay long enough in London to give orders that Neeft's money should be immediately paid. He knew that Neeft could not harm him at law; but it would not be agreeable if the old man were to go about the country telling every one that he, Ralph Newton of Newton, had twice offered to marry Polly. For the present we will leave him, although he is our hero, and will return to the girls at Popham Villa.

"It is all very well talking, Patience, but I don't mean to try to change," Clariassa said. This was after that visit of the Percycross deputation to Sir Thomas, and after Christmas. More than a week had now passed by since Ralph had rushed down to Fulham with his offer, and the new year had commenced. Sir Thomas had been at home for Christmas—for the one day—and had then returned to London. He had seen his attorney respecting the petition, who was again to see Mr. Griffenbottom's London attorney, and Mr. Trigger. In the mean time Sir Thomas was to remain quiet for a few days. The petition was not to be tried till the end of February, and there was still time for deliberation. Sir Thomas just now very often took out that great heap of Baconian papers, but still not a word of the biography was written. He was, alas! still very far from writing the first word. "It is all very well, Patience, but I do not mean to try to change," said Clariassa.

Poor Patience could make no answer, dreadful as was to her such an assertion from a young woman. "There is a man who clearly does not want to marry you, who has declared in the plainest way that he does want to marry some one else, who has grossly deceived you, and who never means to think of you again; and yet you say that you will wilfully adhere to your regard for him!" Such would have been the speech which Patience would have made, had she openly expressed her thoughts. But Clariassa was ill, and weak, and wretched; and Patience could not bring herself to say a word that should distress her sister.

"If he came to me to-morrow, of course I should forgive him," Clariassa said again. These conversations were never commenced by Patience, who would have rather omitted any mention of that base young man. "Of course I should. Men do those things. Men are not like women. They do all manner of things, and everybody forgives them. I don't say anything about hoping. I don't hope for any thing. I am not happy enough to hope. I shouldn't care if I knew I were going to die to-morrow. But there can be no change. If you want me to be a hypocrite, Patience, I will; but what will be the use? The truth will be the same."

The two girls let her have her way, never contradicted her, coaxed her, and tried to comfort her—but it was in vain. At first she would not go out of the house, not even to church, and then she took to lying in bed. This lasted into the middle of January, and still Sir Thomas did not come home. He wrote frequently, short notes to Patience,

sending money, making excuses, making promises, always expressing some word of hatred or disgust as to Percycross; but still he did not come. At last, when Clarissa declared that she preferred lying in bed to getting up, Patience went up to London and fetched her father home. It had gone so far with Sir Thomas now that he was unable even to attempt to defend himself. He humbly said he was sorry that he had been away so long, and returned with Patience to the villa.

"My dear," said Sir Thomas, seating himself by Clarissa's bedside, "this is very bad."

"If I had known you were coming, papa, I would have got up."

"If you are not well, perhaps you are better here, dear."

"I don't think I am quite well, papa."

"What is it, my love?" Clarissa looked at him out of her large tear-laden eyes, but said nothing. "Patience says that you are not happy."

"I don't know that anybody is happy, papa."

"I wish that you were, with all my heart, my child. Can your father do any thing that will make you happy?"

"No, papa."

"Tell me, Clary. You do not mind my asking you questions?"

"No, papa."

"Patience tells me that you are still thinking of Ralph Newton."

"Of course I think of him."

"I think of him too—but there are different ways of thinking. We have known him, all of us, a long time."

"Yes, papa."

"I wish with all my heart that we had never seen him. He is not worthy of our solicitude."

"You always liked him. I have heard you say you loved him dearly."

"I have said so, and I did love him. In a certain way I love him still."

"So do I, papa."

"But I know him to be unworthy. Even if he had come here to offer you his hand I doubt whether I could have permitted an engagement. Do you know that within the last two months he has twice offered to marry another young woman, and I doubt whether he is not at this moment engaged to her?"

"Another?" said poor Clarissa.

"Yes, and that without a pretence of affection on his part, simply because he wanted to get money from her father."

"Are you sure, papa?" asked Clarissa, who was not prepared to believe, and did not believe this enormity on the part of the man she loved.

"I am quite sure. The father came to me

to complain of him, and I had the confession from Ralph's own lips, the very day that he came here with his insulting offer to Mary Bonner."

"Did you tell Mary?"

"No. I knew that it was unnecessary."

There was no danger as to Mary. And who do you think this girl was? The daughter of a tailor who had made some money. It was not that he cared for her, Clary—no more than I do! Whether he meant to marry her or not I do not know."

"I'm sure he didn't, papa," said Clarissa, getting up in bed.

"And will that make it better? All that he wanted was the tradesman's money, and to get that he was willing either to deceive the girl, or to sell himself to her. I don't know which would have been the baser mode of traffic. Is that the conduct of a gentleman, Clary?"

Poor Clarissa was in terrible trouble. She hardly believed the story, which seemed to tell her of a degree of villany greater than ever her imagination had depicted to her—and yet, if it were true, she would be driven to look for means of excusing it. The story as told was indeed hardly just to Ralph, who in the course of his transactions with Mr. Neefit had almost taught himself to believe that he could love Polly very well; but it was not in this direction that Clarissa looked for an apology for such conduct. "They say that men do all manner of things," she said, at last.

"I can only tell you this," said Sir Thomas, very gravely. "What men may do I will not say; but no gentleman can ever have acted after this fashion. He has shown himself to be a scoundrel."

"Papa, papa! don't say that," screamed Clarissa.

"My child, I can only tell you the truth. I know it is hard to bear. I would save you if I could; but it is better that you should know."

"Will he always be bad, papa?"

"Who can say, my dear? God forbid that I should be too severe upon him! But he has been so bad now that I am bound to tell you that you should drive him from your thoughts. When he told me, all smiling, that he had come down here to ask your cousin Mary to be his wife, I was almost minded to spurn him from the door. He can have no feeling himself of true attachment, and cannot know what it means in others. He is heartless—and unprincipled."

"Oh, papa, spare him. It is done now."

"And you will forget him, dearest?"

"I will try, papa. But I think that I shall die. I would rather die. What is the good of living when nobody is to care for anybody, and people are so bad as that?"

"My Clarrisa must not say that nobody cares for her. Has any person ever been false to you but he? Is not your sister true to you?"

"Yes, papa."

"And Mary?"

"Yes, papa." He was afraid to ask her whether he also had not been true to her? Even in that moment there arose in his mind a doubt, whether all this evil might not have been avoided, had he contented himself to live beneath the same roof with his children. He said nothing of himself, but she supplied the want. "I know you love me, papa, and have always been good to me. I did not mean that. But I never cared for any one but him—in that way."

Sir Thomas, in dealing with the character of his late ward, had been somewhat too severe. It is difficult, perhaps, to say what amount of misconduct does constitute a scoundrel, or justifies the critic in saying that this or that man is not a gentleman. There be those who affirm that he who owes a debt for goods which he cannot pay is no gentleman, and tradesmen when they cannot get their money are no doubt sometimes inclined to hold that opinion. But the opinion is changed when the money comes at last—especially, if it comes with interest. Ralph had never owed a shilling which he did not intend to pay, and had not property to cover. That borrowing of money from Mr. Neefit was doubtless bad. No one would like to know that his son had borrowed money from his tailor. But it is the borrowing of the money that is bad, rather than the special dealing with the tradesman. And as to that affair with Polly, some excuse may be made. He had meant to be honest to Neefit, and he had meant to be true to Neefit's daughter. Even Sir Thomas, high-minded as he was, would hardly have passed so severe a sentence, had not the great sufferer in the matter been his own daughter.

But the words that he spoke were doubtless salutary to poor Clarissa. She never again said to Patience that she would not try to make a change, nor did she ever again declare that if Ralph came back again she would forgive him. On the day after the scene with her father she was up again, and she made an effort to employ herself about the house. On the next Sunday she went to church, and then they all knew that she was making the necessary struggle. Ralph's name was never mentioned, nor for a time was any allusion made to the family of the Newtons. "The worst of it, I think, is over," said Patience one day to Mary.

"The worst of it is over," said Mary; "but it is not all over. It is hard to forget when one has loved."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



